# Comical Revenge

OR,

# LOVE IN A TUB.

As it is now Acted
BY HIS
MAJESTY's SERVANTS.

By Sir *George Etherege.*

LONDON,
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TO THE

Right Honourable

# CHARLES

EARL of

*DORSET* and *MIDDLESEX*,

Lord Chamberlain of his Majeſty's Houſhold, Lord Lieutenant of *Suſſex*, and one of their Majeſties moſt Honourable Privy-Council.

My Lord,

I Could not have wiſh'd my ſelf more fortunate than I have been in the ſucceſs of this Poem: The Writing of it was a means to make me known to your Lordſhip; The Acting of it has loſt me no Reputation; And the Printing of it has now given me an Opportunity to ſhew how much I honour you.

I here dedicate it, as I have long ſince dedicated my ſelf, to your Lordſhip: Let the humble Love of the Giver make you ſet ſome value upon the worthleſs

*Gift: I hope it may have ſome eſteem with others, becauſe the Author knows how to eſteem you, whoſe Knowledge moves admiration, and Goodneſs love, in all that know you. But I deſign this a Dedication, not a Panegyrick; not to proclaim your Virtues to the World, but to ſhew your Lordſhip how firmly they have oblig'd me to be,*

My Lord,

Your moſt humble

and Faithful Servant,

*Geo. Etherege.*

Per-

# Perſonæ Dramatis.

| | |
|---|---|
| THE *Lord Bevil*, | Father to *Lovis*, *Graciana* and *Aurelia*. |
| *The Lord* Beaufort, | Servant to *Graciana*. |
| *Colonel* Bruce, | A Cavalier, Friend to *Lovis*, in love with *Graciana*. |
| Lovis, | Friend to *Bruce*. |
| *Sir* Frederick Frollick, | Couſin to the Lord *Beaufort*. |
| Graciana, | A young Lady, in love with the Lord *Beaufort*. |
| Aurelia, | Her Siſter in love with Col. *Bruce*. |
| *Mrs*. Rich, | A wealthy Widow, Siſter to the Lord *Bevill*, in love with Sir *Frederick*. |
| Leticia, | A Girl, waiting upon *Aurelia*. |
| Betty, | Waiting-woman to the Widow. |
| Duſoy, | A ſawcy impertinent French-man, Servant to Sir *Frederick*. |
| Clark, | Servant to the Lord *Beaufort*. |
| *Sir* Nicholas Cully, | Knighted by *Oliver*. |
| Wheadle *and* Palmer, | Gameſters. |
| *Mrs* Grace, | A Wench kept by *Wheadle*. |
| Jenny, | Her Maid. |
| *Mrs* Lucy, | A Wench kept by Sir *Frederick*. |

*A Coach-man belonging to the Widow.*
*A Bell-man.*
*Foot-men, Link-boys, Drawers, and other Attendants.*

THE

# THE PROLOGUE.

*WHO cou'd expect such crowding here to day,*
*Meerly on the report of a new Play?*
*A Man wou'd think y' ave been so often bit*
*By us of late, you shou'd have learn'd more wit,*
*And first have sent a Forlorn Hope to spy*
*The Plot and Language of our Comedy,*
*Expecting till some desp'rate Criticks had*
*Resolv'd you whether it were good or bad:*
*But yet we hope you'l never grow so wise;*
*For if you shou'd, we and our Comedies*
*Must trip to* Norwich, *or for* Ireland *go,*
*And never fix, but, like a Puppet-show,*
*Remove from Town to Town, from Fair to Fair,*
*Seeking fit Chapmen to put off our Ware.*
*For such our Fortune is this barren Age,*
*That Faction now, not Wit, supports the Stage:*
*Wit has, like Painting, had her happy flights,*
*And in peculiar Ages reach'd her heights,*
*Though now declin'd; yet cou'd some able Pen*
*Match* Fletcher's *Nature, or the Art of* Ben,
*The Old and Graver sort wou'd scarce allow*
*Those Plays were good, because we writ them now.*
*Our Author therefore begs you wou'd forget,*
*Most Reverend Judges, the Records of Wit,*
*And only think upon the modern way*
*Of writing, whilst y' are censuring his Play.*
*And, Gallants, as for you, talk loud i' th' Pit,*
*Divert your selves and Friends with your own Wit;*
*Observe the Ladies, and neglect the Play,*
*Or else 'tis fear'd we are undone to day.*

THE

# THE Comical Revenge; OR, LOVE in a TUB.

## ACT I. SCENE I.

The Scene, An Anti-Chamber to Sir *Frederick Frollick*'s Bed-Chamber.

*Enter* Dufoy, *with a Plaiſter on his head, walking diſcontentedly; and* Clark *immediately after him.*

*Clark.* GOod-morrow, *Monſieur.*

*Dufoy.* Good-mor', — Good-mor'.

*Clark.* Is Sir *Fred'rick* ſtirring?

*Dufoy.* Pox ſturré himé.

*Clark.* My Lord has ſent me——

*Dufoy.* Begar me vil havé de revengé; me vil no ſtay two day in *Engelandé.*

*Clark.* Good *Monſieur*, what's the matter?

*Dufoy.* De matré! de matré is eaſie to be perceive;
Dis Bedlamé, Mad-capé, diable de matré, vas
Drunké de laſt night; and vor no reaſon, but dat
Me did adviſé him to go to Bed, Begar he did
Striké, breaké my headé, Jernie.

*Clark.* Have patience, he did it unadviſedly.

*Dufoy.* Unadviſé! didé not me adviſe him
Juſté when he did ité?

Clark

*Clark.* Yes; but he was in drink you ſay.
*Dufoy.* In drinké; me viſhé he had been over de head.
And de ear in drinké; Begar in *France* de
Drink dat van Man drinké does not crack de
Noder Mans brainé. Hark! [*Sir* Fred. *knocks.*
He is avaké, and none of the people are
To attendé himé: Ian Villian day are all gone, run [*Knocks again.*
To the Diable; have de patience, I beſeech you.
[*Pointing towards his Maſter's Chamber.*
*Clark.* Acquaint Sir *Frederick*, I am here from my Lord.
*Duf.* I vil, I vil; your ver umble Serviteur. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

Scene, Sir *Frederick*'s Bed-Chamber.

*Enter Sir* Frederick *in his night-gown, and after him* Dufoy.

*Dufoy.* Good mor', good mor', to your Vorſhippé; me am alvay
Ready to attendé your Vorſhippé, and your Vorſhippé's
Alvay ready to beaté and to abuſe mé; you vare drunké
De laſté nighté, and my head aké to day morningé;
Seé you here if my brainé have no ver good raiſon [*Shewing his head.*
To counſel you, and to mindé your bus'neſſé.
Sir *Fred.* Thou haſt a notable Brain;
Set me down a Crown for a
Plaiſter; but forbear your rebukes.
*Dufoy.* 'Tis ver couragious ting to breaké de head of your
Serviteur, is it noté? Begar you vil never keepé
De good Serviteur, had no me love you ver vel——
Sir *Fred.* I know thou lov'ſt me.
*Duf.* And darefore you do beaté me, is dat de raiſon?
Sir *Fred.* Prethee forbear; I am ſorry for't.
*Duf.* Ver good ſatisfaction! Begar it is me dat am ſorrié for't.
Sir *Fred.* Well, well.
*Duf.* De Serviteur of my Lord your Couſin
Be comé ſpeak vid you.
Sir *Fred.* Bring him in. [*Exit* Dufoy.
I am of opinion that drunkenneſs is not ſo
Damnable a ſin to me as 'tis to many; Sorrow
And Repentance are ſure to be my firſt Work
The next Morning: 'ſlid, I have known ſome
So lucky at this Recreation, that, whereas 'tis
Fa miliar to forget what we do in drink,
Hav e even loſt the memory after Sleep, of being drunk:
Now do I feel more Qualms.
Than a oung Woman in Breeding.

Enter

*Enter* Dufoy *and* Clark. [Dufoy *goes out again.*

*Clark!* What News from the God of Love?
He's always at your Maſter's Elbow;
H'as joſtl'd the Devil out of Service; no more!
Mrs. *Grace*! Poor Girl, Mrs. *Graciana* has flung
A Squibb into his Boſome, where the Wild-fire will
Huzzée for a time, and then crack,
It flies out at's Breeches.

*Clark.* Sir, he ſent me before with his Service;
He'll wait on you himſelf when he's dreſs'd.

Sir *Fred.* In very good time;
There never was a Girl more humourſome,
Nor tedious in the Dreſſing of her Baby. [*Ex.* Clark.

*Enter* Dufoy, *and Foot-Boy.*

*Dufoy.* Hayé! Heré is de ver fine varké,
Begar, de ver vine Varké——

Sir *Fred.* What's the Buſineſs?

*Dufoy.* De Buſineſs! de Divel také mé if dare be not
De whole Regiment Army de Hackené Cocheman,
De Link-Boy, de Fydler, and de Shamber Mayde,
Dat havé beſeegé de Howsé; dis is de conſequance
Of de Drink, vid a Poxé.

Sir *Fred.* Well, The Coach-men and Link-boys muſt be
Satisfy'd, I ſuppoſe there's Money due to 'em;
The Fidlers, for broken Heads and Inſtruments,
Muſt be compounded with; I leave that to your Care:
But for the Chamber-maid, I'll deal with her my ſelf;
Go, go, fetch her up.

*Dufoy.* De Pimpé, begar, I vil be de Pimpé to no Man
In de Chriſtendomé; do you go fetch her up;
De Pimpé—— [*Ex.* Dufoy.

Sir *Fred.* Go, Sirrah, direct her. [*to the Foot-boy.*] [*Ex. Foot-boy.*
Now have I moſt unmanfully fallen foul upon ſome
Woman, I'll warrant you, and wounded her
Reputation ſhrowardly: Oh Drink, Drink!
Thou art a vile Enemy to the civilleſt ſort of
Courteous Ladies.——

*Enter* Jenny, Wheadle's *Wench's Maid.*

Oh *Jenny*, next my Heart nothing could
Be more welcome.

*Maid.* Unhand me;
Are you a Man fit to be truſted with a Woman's
Reputation?

Sir *Fred.* Not when I am in a reeling Condition;
Men are now and then ſubject to thoſe Infirmities
In Drink, which Women have when they are ſober.
Drunkenneſs is no good Secretary, *Jenney*;

You must not look so angry, good Faith, you must not.
*Maid.* Angry! We always took you for a civil Gentleman.
Sir *Fred.* So I am, i' troth, I think.——
*Maid.* A civil Gentleman will
Come to a Ladies Lodging at two a Clock
In the Morning, and knock as if it were upon
Life and Death; a Midwife never was knock'd up
With more Fury!
Sir *Fred.* Well well, Girl, All's well, I hope, all's well.
*Maid.* You have made such an Uproar amongst
Our Neighbours, we must be forc'd to change
Our Lodging.
Sir *Fred.* And thou art come to tell me whither——
Kind Heart!
*Maid.* I'll see you a little better manner'd first.
Because we would not let you in at that unseasonable Hour,
You, and your rude ranting Companions
Hoop'd and hollow'd like Mad-men,
And roar'd out in the Streets,
*A Whore, A Whore, A Whore*; you need not
Have knock'd good People out of their Beds,
You might have met with them had been
Good enough for your Purpose abroad.
Sir *Fred.* 'Twas ill done, *Jenny*, indeed it was.
*Maid.* 'Twas a Mercy, Mr. *Wheadle* was not there,
My Mistresses Friend; had he been there sh'ad been quite undone.
There's nothing got by your lewd Doings; you are
But Scandals to a civil Woman: We had so much
The good Will of the Neighbours before, we had
Credit for what we wou'd; and but this Morning
The Chandler refus'd to score a Quart of Scurvey-grass.
Sir *Fred.* Hang Reputation among a Company of Rascals;
Trust me not, if thou art not grown most wondrous pretty. [*Offers to hug her.*
*Maid.* Stand off, or I protest I'll make the People
In your Lodging to know what manner of
Man you are.
Sir *Fred.* You and I have been intimate Acquaintance?——
Why so coy now, *Jenny*?
*Maid.* 'Pray forbear:——
You'l never leave till I shriek out;——Your [*Noise within.*
Servants listen, hark——there's some body coming.
My Mistress charg'd me to tell you, she will [*Enter* Beaufort.
Never see your Eyes again; she never deserv'd
This at your hands,——poor Gentlewoman! You—— had a
Fling at me too, you did not whisper it, I thank you:
'Tis a miserable Condition we
Women bring our selves to for your sakes. [*Weeps.*

*Beauf.*

*Beauf.* How now Cousin? what, at wars with the Women?
Sir *Fred.* I gave a small alarm to their Quarters
Last night, my Lord.
*Beauf.* *Jenny* in tears! what's the Occasion, poor Girl?
*Maid.* I'll tell you, my Lord.
Sir *Fred.* Buzze; Set not her tongue a going agen;
[*Clapping his hand before her Mouth.*
Sh'as made more noise than half a dozen Paper-mills:
*London*-bridge at a low water is silence to her;
In a word, rambling last night,
We knockt at her Mistresses Lodging,
They deny'd us entrance, whereupon,
A harsh word or two flew out, *Whore*——I think,
Or something to that purpose.
*Maid.* These were not all your Heroick Actions; [*Enter* Dufoy.
Pray tell the Consequence, how you march'd bravely
At the Rear of an Army of Link-boys;
Upon the sudden, how you gave defiance,
And then wag'd a bloody War with the Constable;
And having vanquisht that dreadful Enemy,
How you committed a general Massacre,
On the Glass-Windows: Are not these
Most honourable Atchievements, such as will be registred,
To your eternal Fame, by the most learn'd
Historians of *Hicks's-Hall*.
Sir *Fred.* Good sweet *Jenny*, let's come to a Treaty;
Do but hear what Articles I'll propose.
*Maid.* A Woman's Heart's too tender to be an Enemy
To Peace. [*They whisper.*
*Dufoy.* Your most humble Serviteur, my Lord.
*Beauf.* Monsieur, I perceive you are much to blame;
You are an excellent Governour indeed.
*Dufoy.* Begar do you tinké dat I amé de Bedlamé?
Notingé but Bedlamé can governé himé.
Sir *Fred.* *Jenny*, here's my hand; I'll come,
And make amends for all——pretty Rogue.——
*Dufoy.* Ver pret Rogueé,
Vid a poxé.
*Maid.* What rude French Rascal have you here?
*Dufoy.* Rascalé Begar ver it nod vor de reverence of my Matré,
I vod cut off your Occupation. French Rascalé!
Whore English——
Sir *Fred.* *Dufoy*, be gone and leave us.
*Dufoy.* I vil, I vil leave you to your Recreation;
I vish you ver good Pastimé, and de Poxé,
Begar. [*Ex.* Dufoy.

*Maid.* I never heard a ruder Fellow.——Sir *Frederick*,
You will not fail the time.

Sir *Fred.* No, no, *Jenny.*

*Maid.* Your Servant, my Lord.

*Beauf.* Farewel, *Jenny.* [*Exit* Jenny.

Sir *Fred.* Now did all this Fury end in a mild
Invitation to the Ladies Lodging.

*Beauf.* I have known this Wenches Miſtreſs,
Ever ſince I came from Travel,
But never was acquainted with that Fellow that keeps her;
Prithee, what is he?

Sir *Fred.* Why his name is *Wheadle*; he's one whoſe trade is Treachery,
To make a Friend and then deceive him;
He's of a ready Wit, pleaſant Converſation,
Throughly skill'd in Men; In a word,
He knows ſo much of Virtue, as makes him
Well accompliſh'd for all manner of Vice;
He has lately inſinuated himſelf into
Sir *Nich'las Culley*, one whom *Oliver*,
For the tranſcendent Knavery and Diſloyalty
Of his Father, has diſhonour'd with Kinghthood;
A Fellow, as poor in Experience, as in Parts,
And one that has a vain-glorious Humour,
To gain a Reputation amongſt the Gentry, by feigning good nature,
And an affection to the King, and his Party.
I made a little debauch, th'other day, in their Company,
Where I foreſaw this Fellows Deſtiny, his Purſe muſt pay for
Keeping this Wench, and all other *Wheadle*'s Extravagances.
But pray, my Lord,
How thrive you in your more honourable Adventures?
Is Harveſt near? When is the Sickle
To be put i'th' Corn?

*Beauf.* I have been hitherto ſo proſperous,
My Happineſs has ſtill out-flown my Faith:
Nothing remains but Ceremonial Charms,
*Graciana*'s fix'd i'th' Circle of my Arms.

Sir *Fred.* Then y'are a happy Man for a ſeaſon.

*Beauf.* For ever.

Sir *Fred.* I miſtruſt your Miſtreſſes Divinity;
You'll find her Attributes but Mortal:
Women, like Juglers Tricks,
Appear Miracles to the Ignorant; but in themſelves,
Th'are mere Cheats.

*Beauf.* Well, well, Couſin, I have engag'd that you, this day,
Shall be my Gueſt at my Lord *Bevil*'s Table;
Pray make me Maſter of my Promiſe once.

Sir *Fred.* 'Faith I have engag'd to dine with my dear *Lucy*,

Poor

Poor Girl, I have lately given her Occaſion
To ſuſpect my kindneſs; yet, for your ſake,
I'll Venture to break my Word,
Upon condition you'll excuſe my Errours;
You know my Converſation
Has not been amongſt ceremonious
Ladies.

*Beauf.* All modeſt Freedom you will find allow'd;
Formality is baniſh'd thence.

Sir *Fred.* This Virtue is enough to make me bear
With all the Inconveniencies of honeſt Company.

*Beauf.* The freeneſs of your Humour is your Friend.
I have ſuch news to tell thee, that, I fear,
Thou'lt find thy Breaſt too narrow for thy Joy.

Sir *Fred.* Gently, my Lord, leſt I find the thing too
Little for my Expectation.

*Beauf.* Know that thy careleſs Carriage has done more
Than all the Skill and diligence of Love
Could e'er affect.

Sir *Fred.* What? the Widow has ſome kind thoughts of my Body?

*Beauf.* She loves you, and dines on purpoſe at her Brother's houſe
This day, in hopes of ſeeing you.

Sir *Fred.* Some Women like Fiſhes deſpiſe the Bait,
Or elſe ſuſpect it, whilſt ſtill it's bobbing at
Their Mouths; but ſubtilly wav'd by the Angler's hand,
Greedily hang themſelves upon the Hook.
There are many ſo critically wiſe,
They'll ſuffer none to deceive them but themſelves.

*Beauf.* Couſin, 'tis time you were preparing for your Miſtreſs.

Sir *Fred.* Well, ſince 'tis my Fortune, I'll about it.
Widow thy Ruine lye upon thine own head:
Faith, my Lord you can witneſs,
'Twas none of my ſeeking. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE III.

Scene *Wheadle's* Lodging.

*Enter* Wheadle *and* Palmer.

*Whead.* Come, bear thy Loſſes patiently.

*Palm.* A Pox confound all Ordinaries,
If ever I play at an Ordinary agen—— [*Bites his Thumb.*

*Whead.* Thou'lt loſe thy Money:
Thou haſt no power to forbear;
I will as ſoon undertake to reclaim a Horſe
From a Hitch he has learn'd in his Pace,
Or an old Maſtive from worrying of Sheep.

*Palm.*

*Palm.* Ay, ay, there's nothing can do it but Hemp.
*Whead.* Want of Money may do much.
*Palm.* I proteſt I had rather ſtill be vicious
Than owe my Virtue to Neceſſity.
How commendable is Chaſtity in an Eunuch?
I am grown more than half virtuous, of late:
I have laid the dangerous Pad now quite aſide;
I walk within the Purlieus of the Law.
Could I but leave this Ordinary, this Square,
I were the moſt accompliſht Man in the Town.
*Whead.* 'Tis pity thou art Maſter of thy Art;
Such a nimble Hand, ſuch neat Conveyance.
*Palm.* Nay, I ſhould have made an excellent Jugler, 'faith.
*Whead.* Come, be cheerful,
I've lodg'd a Deer ſhall make amends for all;
I lack'd a Man to help me ſet my Toyls,
And thou art come moſt happily.
*Palm.* My dear *Wheadle*, who is it?
*Whead.* My new Friend, and Patron,
Sir *Nicholas Cully.*
*Palm.* He's fat, and will ſay well, I promiſe you.
Well I'll do his buſineſs moſt dextrouſly,
Elſe let me ever loſe the Honour
Of ſerving a Friend in the like Nature.
*Whead.* No more Words, but haſte, prepare for the Deſign;
Habit your ſelf like a good thrifty Countrey-man;
Get Tools, Dice and Money for the Purpoſe,
And meet me at the *Devil* about Three exactly.

*Enter* Boy.

*Boy.* Sir, Sir *Nicholas Cully* is without.
*Whead.* Deſire him to walk in.
Here, *Palmer*, the back Way, quickly, and be ſure——
*Palm.* Enough, enough I'll warrant thee [*Ex.* Palm.

*Enter Sir* Nicholas Cully.

*Whead.* Sir *Nicholas*, this Viſit is too great a Favour:
I intended one to you;
How do you find your ſelf this Morning?
*Cull.* Faith, Much the dryer for the laſt nights wetting.
*Whead.* Like thirſty Earth which gapes the more
For a ſmall Shower;
We'll ſoak you throughly to day.
*Cul.* Excuſe me, Faith I am engag'd.
*Whead.* I am ſorry for't;
I meant you a ſhare in my good Fortune:
But ſince it cannot be——
*Cul.* What? What good Fortune?
*Whead.* Nay, 'twill but vex you to know it,

Since

Since you have not leiſure to purſue it.
*Cul.* Dear *Wheadle*, prithee tell me.
*Whead.* Now do I want Power to keep it from you.
Juſt as you came in at that Door,
Went out at this a Waiting Gentlewoman,
Sent with a civil Meſſage from her Lady,
To deſire the Happineſs of my Company
This Afternoon, where I ſhould have the
Opportunity of ſeeing another lovely brisk Woman,
Newly married to a fooliſh Citizen,
Who will be apt enough to hear Reaſon,
From one that can ſpeak it better than her Husband:
I return'd my humble Thanks for the Honor ſhe did me,
And that I could not do my ſelf ſo great an Injury,
To diſobey her Will;
This is the Adventure;
But ſince y'ave Bus'neſs——
*Cul.* A Pox on Bus'neſs. I'll defer't.
*Whead.* By no means, for a ſilly Woman:
Our Pleaſures muſt be Slaves to our Affairs.
*Cul.* Were it to take Poſſeſſion of an
Eſtate, I'd neglect it.
Are the Ladies Cavaliers?
*Whead.* O moſt Loyal-hearted Ladies!
*Cul.* How merry will we be then!
*Whead.* I ſay, mind your Bus'neſs.
*Cul.* I'll go and put it off immediately.
Where ſhall I meet you in the Afternoon?
*Whead.* You'll find me at the *Devil* about Three
A Clock, where I expect a ſecond Summons as
She paſſes toward the City.
*Cul.* Thither will I come without fail;
Be ſure you wait for me [*Ex.* Cully.
*Whead.* Wait for thee, as a Cat does for a Mouſe
She intends to play with, and then prey upon.
How eagerly did this half-witted Fellow chap
Up the Bait? Like a ravenous Fiſh, that will
Not give the Angler leave to ſink his Line,
But greedily darts up and meets it half way. [*Ex. Laughing.*

## SCENE IV.

*Scene the Lord* Bevil's *Houſe.*

*Enter* Graciana, *and* Aurelia *immediately after her, with a Letter in her Hand.*

*Grac.* The Sun's grown lazy; 'tis a tedious ſpace
Since he ſet forth, and yet's not half his Race. I wonder

I wonder *Beaufort* does not yet appear;
Love never loyters. Love ſure brings him here.
*Aur.* Brought on the Wings of Love, here I preſent [*Preſenting the Letter.*
His Soul, whoſe Body Priſons yet prevent;
The Noble *Bruce*, whoſe Vertues are his Crimes [Grac. *rejects the Letter.*
Are you as falſe and cruel as the Times!
Will you not read the Stories of his Grief;
But wilfully refuſe to give Relief?
*Grac.* Siſter, from you this Language makes me ſtart
Can you ſuſpect ſuch Vices in my Heart?
His Vertues, I, as well as you, admire;
I never ſcorn'd, but pity much his Fire.
*Aur.* If you did pity, you would not reject [Grac. *rejects the Letter again.*
This Meſſenger of Love: This is Neglect.
*Grac.* 'Tis Cruelty to gaze on Wounds, I'm ſure.
When we want Balſome to effect their Cure.
*Aur.* 'Tis only want of will in you, you have
Beauty to kill, and Virtue too to ſave.
*Grac.* We of our ſelves can neither love nor hate;
Heav'n does reſerve the pow'r to guide our Fate.
*Aurel. Graciana,*—— *Enter Lord* Bevil, Lovis, *and the Widow.*
*Grac.* Siſter, forbear; my Father's here.
L. *Bev.* So, Girl; what, no news of your Lover yet?
Our Dinner's ready, and I am afraid
He will go nigh to incur the Cooks anger.
*Wid.* I believe h'as undertook a hard task;
Sir *Frederick*, they ſay, is no eaſie man
To be perſwaded to come among us women.
*Lov.* Sir. [Lovis *and Lord* Bevil *whiſper.*
L. *Bev.* What now?
*Wid.* I am as impatient as thou art, Girl: [*To* Graciana.
I long to ſee Sir *Frederick* here.
L. *Bev.* Forbear, I charge you on my bleſſing:
Not one word more of Colonel *Bruce.*
*Lov.* You gave encouragement, Sir, to his Love:
The honour of our Houſe now lies at ſtake.
L. *Bev.* You find by your Siſters inclinations,
Heaven has decreed her otherwiſe.
*Lov.* But Sir,——
L. *Bev.* Forbear to ſpeak, or elſe forbear the Room.
*Lov.* This I can obey, but not the other. [*Exit* Lovis.
*Enter Foot-boy.*
*Foot b.* Sir, my Lord *Beaufort*'s come.
L. *Bev.* 'Tis well.
*Wid.* D'hear, are there not two Gentlemen?
*Foot-b.* Yes, Madam, there is another proper handſom
Gentleman. [*Exit Foot-boy.*

L. *Bev.*

L. *Bev.* Come, let's walk in, and give them entertainment.
*Wid.* Now, Couſin, for Sir *Frederick*, this man of men,
There's nothing like him. [*Exeunt all but* Aurelia.
*Aur.* With curious diligence I ſtill have ſtrove [*Holding the Letter in her hand.*
During your abſence, *Bruce*, to breathe your Love
Into my Siſters boſom; but the fire
Wants force; Fate does againſt my breath conſpire:
I have obey'd, though I cannot fulfil,
Againſt my ſelf, the dictates of your Will;
My Love to yours do's yield; ſince you enjoyn'd,
I hourly court my Rival to be kind;
With Paſſion too, as great as you can do,
Taught by thoſe wounds I have receiv'd from you.
Small is the difference that's between our grief;
Yours finds no cure, and mine ſeeks no relief.
You unſucceſsfully your Love reveal;
And I for ever muſt my Love conceal:
Within my boſom I'll your Letter wear, [*Putting the Letter in her boſom.*
It is a Tomb that's proper for deſpair. [*Exit.*

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## ACT II. SCENE I.

Scene, The Lord *Bevil*'s Houſe.

*Enter* Clark *and* Dufoy.

*Clark.* METhinks the wound your Maſter gave you
Laſt night, makes you look very thin and
Wan, Monſieur.
*Dufoy.* Begar you are miſtaké, it be de voundé
Dat my Metreſſe did give me long ago.
*Clark.* What? ſome pretty little Engliſh Lady's
Crept into your heart?
*Dufoy.* No but damn'd little Engliſh Whore is creepé
Into my bone begar, me could viſh dat de
Diable vould také her vid allé my harté.
*Clark.* You have manag'd your bus'neſs ill, Monſieur.
*Dufoy.* It vas de Raskal Cyrugin Engliſh dat did
Manage de buſineſs illé; me did putté my
Buſineſſé into his haundé; he did ſtop de
Tapé, and de liquor did varké, varké, varké,
Up into de headé and de ſhoulder begar.
*Clark.* Like ſoap clapp'd under a Saddle.
*Dufoy.* Here come my Matré; holdé your peacé. [*Ex.* Clark.

*Enter Sir* Frederick, *Widow, and Maid.*

Sir *Fred.* Whither, whither do ye draw me, Widow;
What's your deſign?

*Wid.* To walk a turn in the Garden, and then
Repoſe in a cool Arbour.

Sir *Fred.* Widow, I dare not venture my ſelf in thoſe amorous
Shades; you have a mind to be talking of Love,
I perceive, and my heart's too tender to be truſted
With ſuch converſation.

*Wid.* I did not imagine you were ſo fooliſhly
Conceited; is it your Wit or your Perſon, Sir,
That is ſo taking?

Sir *Fred.* Truly you are much miſtaken, I have no
Such great thoughts of the young man you
See; who ever knew a Woman have ſo much
Reaſon to build her love upon merit?
Have we not daily experience of great
Fortunes, that fling themſelves into the arms
Of vain idle Fellows? Can you blame me then
For ſtanding upon my guard? No, let us
Sit down here, have each on's a Bottle of Wine
At our elbows; ſo prompted, I dare enter into
Diſcourſe with you.

*Wid.* Wou'd you have me ſit
And drink hand to fiſt with you, as if we were
In the *Fleece*, or ſome other of your beloved
Taverns?

Sir *Fred.* Faith I would have thee come as near
As poſſible to ſomething or other I have
Been us'd to converſe with, that I may
The better know how to entertain thee.

*Wid.* Pray which of thoſe Ladies you uſe to
Converſe with, could you fancy me to
Look like? be merry, and tell me.

Sir *Fred.* 'Twere too great a ſin to compare thee
To any of them; and yet th'aſt ſo incens'd
Me, I can hardly forbear to wiſh thee one
Of 'em. Ho, *Dufoy!*
Widow, I ſtand in awe of this Gentleman;
I muſt have his advice before I dare
Keep you Company any further.——How do
You approve the ſpending of my time
With this Lady?

*Dufoy.* Ver vel, Begar;
I could viſh I had never ſpendé my time in de
Vorſe compaignie.

*Wid.* You look but ill, Monſieur; have

You

You been ſick lately?

*Dufoy.* I havé de ver great affliction in my mindé, Madam.

*Wid.* What is't?

*Dufoy.* Truly I havé de ver great paſſion vor dis Jentel woman, and ſhe have no compaſſion At all vor me; ſhe do refuſé me all my Amouré and my addreſſé.

*Wid.* Indeed, *Betty*, you are to blame.

*Maid.* Out upon him for a French diſſembler, He never ſpake to me in his life, Madam.

*Dufoy.* You ſee, Madam, ſhe ſcorné me vor Her Serviteur.

*Maid.* Pray, when did you make any of your French Lové to mé?

*Dufoy.* It vil breké my hearté to remember de Time ven you did refuſé mé?

*Wid.* Will you permit me to ſerve you in this Buſineſs, Monſieur.

*Dufoy.* Madam, it be d' honour vor de King dé *France.*

*Wid. Betty*, whither run you?

*Maid.* I'll not ſtay to be jeer'd by a ſneaking *Valet-de-Chambré*: I'll be reveng'd If I live, Monſieur. [*Ex.* Betty.

*Wid.* I'll take ſome other time.

*Dufoy.* Van you have de leiſuré, Madam.

Sir *Fred.* By thoſe lips.——

*Wid.* Nay pray forbear, Sir.

Sir *Fred.* Who's conceited now, Widow? cou'd You imagine I was ſo fond to kiſs them?

*Wid.* You cannot blame me for ſtanding on My guard ſo near an Enemy.

Sir *Fred.* If you are ſo good at that, Widow, Let's ſee, what guard wou'd you chuſe to be at, Shou'd the Trumpet ſound a Charge To this dreadful Foe?

*Wid.* It is an idle Queſtion amongſt experienc'd Souldiers; but if we ever have a War, We'll never trouble the Trumpet; the Bells ſhall proclaim our Quarrel.

Sir *Fred.* It will be moſt proper; they ſhall be Rung backwards.

*Wid.* Why ſo, Sir?

Sir *Fred.* I'll have all the helps that may be to Allay a dangerous fire; Widows muſt Needs have furious flames; the Bellows

Have been at work, and blown 'em up.
*Wid.* You grow too rude, Sir: I will have my
Humour, a walk i'th' Garden; and afterwards
We'll take the Air in the Park.
Sir *Fred.* Let us joyn hands then, Widow.
*Wid.* Without the dangerous help of a Perſon.
I do not fear it, Sir. [*Ex. Sir* Fred. *and* Wid.
*Dufoy.* Begar, I do not care two Soulz if de
Shamber-maid ver hangé; be it not
Great deal better pretendé d' affection to
Her, dan to tellé de hole Varldé I do take
De Medicine vor de clapé? begar it
Be de ver great deale better. [*Ex.* Dufoy.

## SCENE II.

Scene, A Garden belonging to my Lord *Bevill*'s Houſe.

*Enter* Beaufort *and* Graciana.

*Beauf. Graciana*, why do you condemn your Love?
Your Beauty without that, alas! would prove
But my deſtruction, an unlucky Star,
Prognoſticating ruine and deſpair.
*Grac.* Sir, you miſtake; 'tis not my Love I blame,
But my Diſcretion; * Here the active flame [* *Pointing to her Breaſt.*
Shou'd yet a longer time have been conceal'd.
Too ſoon, too ſoon I fear it was reveal'd.
Our weaker Sex glories in a Surprize,
We boaſt the ſudden Conqueſt of our Eyes;
But men eſteem a Foe that dares contend,
One that with noble Courage does defend
A wounded Heart; the Victories they gain
They Prize by their own hazard and their pain.
*Beauf. Graciana*, can you think we take delight
To have our happineſs againſt us fight;
Or that ſuch goodneſs ſhou'd us men diſpleaſe
As do's afford us Heav'n with greater eaſe?
[*Enter* Lovis, *walking diſcontentedly.*
See where your Brother comes; his
Carriage has been ſtrange of late to me;
I never gave him cauſe of diſcontent;
He takes no notice of our being here:
I will ſalute him.
*Grac.* By no means;
Some ſerious thoughts you ſee employ his mind.
*Beauf.* I muſt be civil. Your Servant, Sir.

*Lov.*

*Lov.* You are my Sisters Servant, Sir; go fawn
Upon your Mistress; Fare-you-well. [*Ex.* Lovis.
*Beauf.* Fare-you-well, if you are no better Company.
Heavens! what is the matter? [Grac. *weeps.*
What saucy sorrow dares approach your heart?
Waste not these precious Tears; Oh, weep no more,
Shou'd Heav'n frown, the World wou'd be too poor,
(Rob'd of the sacred Treasure of your Eyes)
To pay for mercy one fit Sacrifice.
*Grac.* My Brother, Sir, is growing mad, I fear.
*Beauf.* Your Brother is a Man whose noble Mind
Was to severest Virtue still inclin'd;
He in the School of Honour has been bred,
And all her subtle Laws with heed has read:
There is some hidden cause, I fain would know
From whence these strange disorders in him flow.
*Graciana*, shall I beg you to dispel
These Mists which round my troubl'd Reason dwell.
*Grac.* It is a Story I cou'd wish you'd learn
From one whom it does not so much concern;
I am th' unhappy cause of what y'ave seen;
My Brother's Passion does proceed from mine.
*Beauf.* This does confound me more; it cannot be:
You are the joy of all your Family:
Dares he condemn you for a noble love,
Which honour and your duty doth approve.
*Grac* My Lord, those errors merit our excuse
Which an access of virtue does produce.
*Beauf.* I know that envy is too base a guest
To have a lodging in his generous breast;
'Tis some extream of Honour, or of Love,
Or both, that thus his indignation move.
*Grac.* E're I begin, you my sad story end;
You are a Rival to his dearest Friend.
*Beauf. Graciana*, though you have so great a share
Of Beauty, all that see you Rivals are;
Yet during this small space I did proclaim,
To you and to the World, my purer flame,
I never saw the Man that durst draw near,
With his ambitious Love t'assault your Ear.
What providence has kept us thus asunder?
*Grac.* When I have spoke, you'l find it is no wonder.
He has a Mistress more renown'd than me,
Whom he does Court, his dearer Loyalty;
He on his legs does now her favours wear;
He is confin'd by her foul Ravisher:
You may not know his Person; but his Name

Is ſtrange to none that have convers'd with Fame:
'Tis *Bruce*.

*Beauf.* The Man indeed I ne're did ſee,
But have heard wonders of his Gallantry.

*Grac.* This gallant Man my Brother ever lov'd;
But his Heroick Virtues ſo improv'd
In time thoſe ſeeds of Love which firſt were ſown,
That to the higheſt Friendſhip they are grown.
This Friendſhip firſt, and not his Love to me,
Sought an Alliance with our Family.
My Siſter and my ſelf were newly come
From learning how to live at home;
When barren of diſcourſe one day, and free
With's Friend, my Brother chanc'd to talk of me;
Unlucky accident! his Friend reply'd;
He long had wiſh'd their Blood might be ally'd;
Then preſs'd him that they might my Father move
To give an approbation to his Love:
His Perſon and his merits were ſo great,
He granted faſter than they could entreat;
He wiſh'd the Fates that govern hearts wou'd be
So kind to him to make our hearts agree,
But told them he had made a ſacred Vow,
Never to force what Love ſhould diſallow.

[*Enter Sir* Frederick *and Widow.*

But ſee, Sir *Frederick* and my Aunt.
My Lord, ſome other time I will relate
The ſtory of his Love, and of its Fate.

Sir *Fred.* How now, my Lord? ſo grave a countenance
In the preſence of your Miſtreſs?
Widow, what wou'd you give
Your eyes had power to make me ſuch
Another melancholy Gentleman?

*Wid.* I have ſeen e'ne as merry a man as
Your ſelf, Sir *Frederick*, brought to ſtand
With folded arms, and with a triſtful look
Tell a mournful tale to a Lady.

[*Enter a Foot boy, and whiſpers Sir* Frederick.

Sir *Fred.* The Devil owes ſome men a ſhame;
The Coach is ready; Widow, I know
You are ambitious to be ſeen in my Company.

*Wid.* My Lord, and Couſin, will you honour
Me with yours to the Park; that may take off the
Scandal of his?

*Enter* Aurelia *and* Leticia.

*Beauf.* Madam, we'll wait upon you;
But we muſt not leave this Lady behind us.

*Wid.*

*Wid.* Couſin *Aurelia*———

*Aurel.* Madam, I beg you will excuſe me, and
You, my Lord; I feel a little indiſpoſition,
And dare not venture into ſo ſharp an
Air.

*Beauf.* Your Servant, Madam. [*Exeunt all but* Aurelia *and* Leticia.

*Aurel.* Retire; I wou'd not have you ſtay with me,
I have too great a train of miſery.
If virtuous Love in none be cauſe of ſhame,
Why ſhou'd it be a crime to own the flame?
But we by Cuſtom, not by Nature led,
Muſt in the beaten paths of Honour tread.
I love thee, *Bruce*; but Heav'n, what have I done!
*Leticia*, did I not command you hence?

*Letic.* Madam, I hope my care is no offence:
I am afflicted thus to ſee you take
Delight to keep your miſeries awake.

*Aurel.* Since you have heard me, ſwear you will be true;
*Leticia* none muſt know I love but you.

*Letic.* If I at any time your Love declare,
May I of Heav'n and ſerving you deſpair.
Though I am young, yet I have felt this ſmart;
Love once was buſie with my tender heart.

*Aurel.* Wert thou in love?

*Letic.* I was.

*Aurel.* Prethee, with whom?

*Letic.* With one that like my ſelf did newly bloom:
Methoughts his Actions were above his years. [*She weeps.*

*Aurel. Leticia*, you confirm me by your tears;
Now I believe you lov'd; did he love you?

*Letic.* That had been more than to my Love was due;
He was ſo much above my humble Birth,
My Paſſion had been fitter for his Mirth.

*Aurel.* And does your Love continue ſtill the ſame;

*Letic.* Some ſparks remain, but time has quencht the flame;
I hope 'twill prove as kind to you, and cure
Theſe greater griefs, which (Madam) you endure.

*Aurel.* Time to my bleeding heart brings no relief;
Death there muſt heal the fatal wounds of grief:
*Leticia*, come within this ſhady Bower,
We'll join our mournful Voices, and repeat
The ſaddeſt tales we ever learn'd of Love.

Aurelia

Aurelia *and* Leticia *walk into an Arbour, and ſing this Song in Parts.*

SONG.

*When* Phillis *watch'd her harmleſs Sheep,*
*Not one poor Lamb was made a Prey;*
*Yet ſhe had cauſe enough to weep,*
*Her ſilly Heart did go aſtray:*
*Then flying to the neighbouring Grove,*
*She left her tender Flock to rove,*
*And to the Winds did breathe her Love.*
*She ſought in vain*
*To eaſe her Pain;*
*The heedleſs Winds did fan her Fire;*
*Venting her Grief*
*Gave no Relief;*
*But rather did increaſe Deſire.*
*Then ſitting with her Arms a-croſs,*
*Her Sorrows ſtreaming from each Eye;*
*She fixt her Thoughts upon her Loſs,*
*And in Deſpair reſolv'd to dye.*

*Aurel.* Why ſhould you weep, *Leticia*, whilſt we ſing? { *Walking out of the Arbour.*
Tell me, from whence thoſe gentle Currents ſpring?
Can yet your faded Love cauſe ſuch Freſh Showers?
This Water is too good for dying Flowers.
*Letic.* Madam, it is ſuch Love commands this Dew,
As cannot fade; it is my Love to you.
*Aurel. Leticia*, I am weary of this place;
And yet I know not whither I ſhould go.
*Letic.* Will you be pleas'd to try if you can ſleep?
That may deceive you of your cares a while.
*Aurel.* I will: there's nothing here does give me eaſe,
But in the End will nouriſh my Diſeaſe. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE III.

*Scene, A Tavern.*

*Enter* Wheadle, *and immediately after him a* Foot-Boy.

*Whead.* The Hour is come;
Where's your Maſter, Sirrah?
*Foot-b.* He'll be here immediately, Sir.
*Whead.* Is he neatly dreſs'd?
*Boy.* In the very ſuit he won the other day
Of the *Buckingham*-ſhire Graſier.

*Whead.*

*Whead.* Take this Letter, and give it me
When you perceive me talking with
Sir *Nicholas Cully*, with Recommendations from a Lady;
Lurk in some secret Place till he's come,
That he may not perceive you at his Entrance.
Oh here's *Palmer*. [*Ex.* Foot-boy.
*Thom*, what's the Price of a Score of fat [*Enter* Palmer.
Weathers?

*Palm.* Do they not well become me, Boy?

*Whead.* Nature doubtless intended thee for a Rogue,
She has so well contrived thee for Disguises.
Here comes Sir *Nicholas*. [*Enter Sir* Nicholas.
Sir *Nicholas*, Come, come; this is an honest Friend
And Country man of mine.

Sir *Nich.* Your Servant, Sir; Is not the Lady come by yet?

*Whead.* I expect her every moment, — Ho, here's her Boy.
Well, what News? [*Enter* Boy.

*Boy.* My Lady presents her Service to you, Sir,
And has sent you this. [*Delivers a Letter.*

[Wheadle *reads, and seems much displeas'd.*

Sir *Nich.* What is the matter, Man?

*Whead.* Read, read; I want Patience to tell you. [*Gives* Cnl. *the Letter.*
Fortune still jades me in all my Expectations.

Sir *Nich. reading the Letter.* The Citizen's Wife forc'd
To go to *Greenwich* with her Husband;
Will meet some time next Week.
Come, come, *Wheadle*, another time will do;
Be not so passionate, Man.

*Whead.* I must abuse my Friend upon an idle
Woman's Words!

Sir *Nich.* Pish, 'tis an Accident: Come, let us
Drink a Glass of Wine, to put these Women
Out of our Heads.

*Palm.* Women? Ho Boys, Women, where are the Women?

*Whead.* Here's your merry Countrey-man.

Palmer *sings.*

*He took her by the Apron,*
*To bring her to his Beck;*
*But as he wound her to him,*
*The Apron-string did break.*

*Enter* Drawer *with Wine.*

Sir *Nich.* A merry man indeed, Sir, my Service to you. [*Drinks to* Palm.

*Palm.* Thank you, Sir. Come, Mr. *Wheadle*, remembring

My Land-lord, i'faith; wou'd he were e'en among us now.
Come, be merry, man. * Lend me your hand, Sir; you [* *To Sir* Nich.
Look like an honeſt man; here's a good health to all
That are ſo: Tope——— here pledge me. [*Drinks.*
[*Gives Sir* Nicholas *the Glaſs.*
Sir *Nich.* Mr. *Wheadle*, to you [*Drinks and leaves ſome in the Glaſs.*
*Palm.* I'll not abate you an Ace. 'Slid, y'are not
So honeſt as I took you for. [*Sir* Nicholas *drinks up the reſt.*

Palmer *ſings.*

*If any man baulk his Liquor,*
*Let him never baulk the Gallows,*
*But ſing a Pſalm there wi' th' Vicar,*
*Or die in a durty Ale-houſe.*

*Enter* Drawer.

*Drawer.* There's a Country-man below
Deſires to ſpeak with Maſter *Palmer.*
*Palm.* So, ſo, thank thee Lad; it is my man,
I appointed him to call here; h'as ſold the Cattle,
I warrant you: I'll wait on you agen preſently,
Gentlemen. [*Exit* Palmer.
*Whead.* Is not this a very pleaſant Fellow?
Sir *Nich.* The pleaſanteſt I ever met with; what is he?
*Whead.* He's a *Buckingham-ſhire* Grazier, very rich;
He has the fat Oxen, and fat Acres in the Vale:
I met him here by chance, and could not avoid
Drinking a Glaſs o'Wine with him. I believe,
He's gone down to receive Money;
'Twere an excellent deſign to bubble him.
Sir *Nich.* How 'twou'd change his merry Note;
Will you try him?
*Whead.* Do you; I cannot appear in't,
Becauſe he takes me for his Friend.
Sir *Nich.* How neatly I could top upon him!
*Whead.* All things will paſs upon him,
I'll go your half: Talk of Dice,
You'll perceive if he's coming.
What Money have you about you?
Sir *Nich.* Ten Pieces.
*Whead.* I have about that quantity too, here, take it,
If he ſhould run us out of our ready Money,
Be ſure you ſet him deep upon Tick,
If he'll be at you, that we may recover it;
For we'll not pay a Farthing of what we loſe that way.
Huſh, here he comes.

*Enter*

*Enter* Palmer *with a Bag of Money under his Arm, and flings it upon the Table.*

*Palm.* All my fat Oxen and Sheep are melted to this, Gentlemen.

*Wbead.* Their Greaſe is well try'd, Sir.

Sir *Nich.* Come, Sir, for all your Riches, You are in Arrear here. [*Offers him a Glaſs.*

*Palm.* I'll be ſoon out of your Debts: My hearty Love to you, Sir. [*Drinks.*
Wou'd I had you both in *Buckingham-ſhire*,
And a Pipe of this Canary in my Cellar;
We'd roaſt an Ox before we parted;
Shou'd we not, Boy?

Palmer *Sings.*

*We'd ſing, and we'd laugh, and we'd drink all the Day;*
*Our Reaſon we'd baniſh, our Senſes ſhou'd ſway;*
*And every Pleaſure our Wills ſhou'd obey.*

*Palm.* Come, drink to me a Brimmer if you Dare now.

Sir *Nich.* Nay, if you provoke me you'd find me a bold Man: Give me a bigger Glaſs, Boy, So,
This is fit for Men of Worſhip; Hang your Retail Drinkers;
Have at thee, my brave Country-man [*Drinks.*

*Palm.* I'll do all I can for my guts to pledge thee.
Ho brave Boys! that's he, that's he, 'faith,
How I cou'd hug thee now! Mr. *Wheadle*, to you.

*Wbead.* I proteſt, Gentlemen, you'll fright me Out of your Company. Sir *Nicholas*,
Shall we have th' other round?

Sir *Nich.* Let's pauſe a while. What ſay you, Gentlemen, if, to paſs away the time,
And to refreſh us, we ſhould have a Box and Dice,
And fling a merry Mayn among our ſelves in ſport?

*Wbead.* 'Twill ſpoil good Company; by no means, Sir *Nicholas*.

*Palm.* Hang Play among Friends; let's have a Wench.

Sings.

*And* Jenny *was all my Joy,*
*She had my Heart at her will;*
*But I left her and her toy,*
*When once I had got my fill.*

What say you, shall we have her?

Sir *Nich.* We are not enough drunk for a Wench:

*Palm.* Let's sing a Catch then.

*Whead. Cull.* Agreed, agreed.

*Whead.* Begin, Mr. *Palmer.*

Palmer *sings, standing in the middle, with a Glass of Wine in his Hand.*

Palm. *I have no design here,*
*But drinking good Wine here.*
Whea. *Nor I Boy.*
*Sir* Nich. *Nor I, Boy.*
Whea. *Th'art my Boy.*
*Sir* Nich. *Th'art my Boy.*
All 3. *Our heads are too airy for Plots:*
*Let us hug then all three,*
*Since our Virtues agree,*
*We'll hollow and cast up our Hats.*

[*They hollow whilst* Palmer *drinks, and then change till it has gone round.*

Sir *Nich.* Enough, enough.

*Palm.* Very good Boys all, very good Boys all. Give me a Glass of Wine there; fill a Brimmer, Sir *Nicholas*, your Lady.

Sir *Nich.* Pray, Sir, forbear; I must be forc'd to leave Your Company else. Prithee, *Wheadle*, Let's have a Box and Dice.

*Whead.* We shall grow dull. Mr. *Palmer*, What say you to the Bus'ness?

*Palm.* I don't understand Dice; I understand good Pasture And Drink—— Hang the Devil's Bones.

[Wheadle *whispers* Cully *to send for Dice.* Cully *whispers the* Drawer.

Palmer *Sings.*

*He that leaves his Wine for Boxes and Dice,*
*Or his Wench for fear of Mishaps,*
*May he beg all his days, cracking of Lice,*
*And die in Conclusion of Claps.*

*Enter* Drawer *with Dice*

*Palm.* Come, come, Gentlemen, this is the harmlesser Sport of the two; a merry Glass round.

Sir *Nich.* Excuse me, Sir, I'll pledge you here. [*Takes Dice.* Come, come, Sir, on Six; Six is the Main?

*Palm.* The Main, what's the Main?

Sir *Nich.* Do not you understand Hazard?

*Palm.* I understand Dice, or Hap-Hazard.

Sir

Sir *Nich.* Can you play at Paſſage?

*Palm.* You paſs my Underſtanding: I can fling Moſt at a throw, for a Shot, or a Glaſs of Wine.

Sir *Nich.* Paſſage is eaſily learn'd: The Caſter wins, If he fling above ten with Doublets Upon three Dice.

*Palm.* How Doublets?

Sir *Nich.* Two of a ſort, two Cinques, two Tre's, or the like.

*Palm.* Ho, ho, I have you.

Sir *Nich.* Come, ſet then.

*Palm.* I ſet you this Bottle.

Sir *Nich.* Nay, nay, ſet Money.

*Palm.* Is it a fair play, Mr. *Wheadle?* I truſt to you.

*Whead.* Upon my word a very fair ſquare Play, But this Table is ſo wet, there's no playing upon it.

*Drawer.* Will you be pleas'd to remove into the next Room, Gentlemen?

Sir *Nich.* I think it will not be amiſs.

*Whead.* Much better. Come, Mr. *Palmer.*

*Palm.* I'll follow, Sir.

Palmer *Sings.*

*If ſhe be not as kind as fair,*
*But peeviſh and unhandy,*
*Leave her, ſhe's only worth the care*
*Of ſome ſpruce Jack-a dandy.*
*I wou'd not have thee ſuch an Aſs,*
*Had'ſt thou ne're ſo much Leiſure,*
*To ſigh and whine for ſuch a Laſs,*
*Whoſe Pride's above her Pleaſure.*

Sir *Nich.* Ho brave Boy.

*Palm.* March on, march on.

SINGS.

*Make much of e'ry buxome Girl,*
*Which needs but little Courting;*
*Her Value is above the Pearl,*
*That takes Delight in Sporting.*

[*Ex.* Omnes.

ACT

## ACT III. SCENE I.

*Scene, A Tavern.*

*Enter Sir* Nicholas Cully, Wheadle, Palmer, *and* Drawer.

*Palm.* NAY, Sir *Nich'las*, for all your haſte I muſt
Have a Note under your Hand for the thouſand
Pounds you owe me.

*Whead.* This muſt not be among Friends, Mr. *Palmer*;
Sir *Nich'las* ſhall not pay the Money.

Sir *Nich.* I had been a Mad-man to play at ſuch a Rate
If I had ever intended to pay.

*Palm.* Though I am but a poor Country-man,
I ſcorn to be chous'd: I have Friends in Town.

*Whead.* But hark you, Mr. *Palmer*?

*Palm.* Hark me no Harks; I'll have my Money.

Sir *Nich.* Drawer, take your Reck'ning.

*Whead. laughing.* Farewel, Sir; haſte into the Country
To mind your Cattle.

*Palm.* But hark you, Gentlemen; are you in earneſt?

*Whead.* Ay indeed; Fare you well, Sir.

*Palm.* I took you for my Friend, Mr. *Wheadle*;
But now I perceive what you are.
* Your Ear, Sir. [*To Cully.*

*Whead.* Never fear him; he dares not go into the Field,
Without it be among his Sheep.

*Cul.* Agreed; To morrow, about Eight in the Morning,
Near *Pancridge*.

*Whead.* I will have the Honour to ſerve you, Sir *Nich'las*.
Provide your ſelf a Second, Mr. *Palmer*.

[*Exeunt Sir* Nich. *and* Wheadle *laughing.*

*Palm.* So, Laugh:
This is the Sheep that I muſt fleece. [*Exit.*

## SCENE II.

*Scene,* Covent-Garden.

*Enter Sir* Fredrick Frollick, *with Fidlers before him, and ſix or eight Link-Boys, dancing and ſinging.*

Sir *Fred.* Here, here, this is the Window;
Range your ſelves here.

*Enter the* Bell-Man.

*Bell-M.* God morrow, Gentlemen.

Sir

Sir *Fred.* Honeſt Bell-man, prithee lend me thy Bell.

*Bell-M.* With all my Heart, Maſter.

[*Sir* Fred. *rings the Bell, and then repeats theſe Verſes.*

*Sir* Fred. *You, Widow, that do ſleep Dog-ſleep,*
*And now for your dead Husband weep;*
*Perceiving well what want you have*
*Of that poor Worm has eat in Grave;*
*Riſe out of Bed, and ope the Door;*
*Here's that will all your Joys reſtore.*
*Good-morrow, my Miſtreſs dear, Good-morrow.*
*Good-morrow, Widow.* [He rings the Bell again.

*The Chamber-maid comes to the Window unlac'd, holding her Petticoats in her Hand.*

*Maid.* Who's that comes at this unſeaſonable Hour,
To diſturb my Ladies Quiet?

Sir *Fred.* An honeſt *Bell-man*, to mind her of her Frailty.

*Maid.* Sir *Frederick*, I wonder you will offer this;
You will loſe her Favour for ever.

Sir *Fred.* Y'are miſtaken; now's the Time to creep into
Her Favour.

*Maid.* I'm ſure y'ave wak'd me out of the ſweeteſt Sleep:
Hey ho——

Sir *Fred.* Poor Girl! Let me in, I'll rock
Thee into a ſweeter.

*Maid.* I hear a ſtirring in my Miſtreſſes Chamber;
I believe y'ave frighted her. [*Ex.* Maid.

Sir. *Fred.* Sound a freſh Alarm; the Enemy's at hand. [*Fidlers Play.*

[*The Widow comes to the Window in her Night Gown.*

*Wid.* Whoſe Inſolence is this, that dares affront me
Thus?

Sir *Fred. in a Canting Tone.* If there be Inſolence in Love, 'tis I
Have done you this unwilling Injury.

*Wid.* What pitiful rhyming Fellow's that? he ſpeaks
As if he were prompted; the Fidlers.

Sir *Fred.* Alas, what pains I take thus to uncloſe
Thoſe pretty Eye-lids which lock'd up my Foes!

*Wid.* A godly Buke would become that tone a great
Deal better: He might get a pretty living by
Reading Mother *Shipton*'s Prophecies, or ſome
Pious Exhortation at the corner of a Street:
His mournful Voice, I vow, has mov'd my compaſſion.

Sir *Fred.* Ay, ay, we ſhou'd have a Fellow-feeling of one
Another indeed, Widow.

*Wid.* Sir *Frederick*, is it you?

Sir *Fred.* Yes truly; and can you be angry, Lady?
Have not your Quarters been beaten up
At theſe moſt ſeaſonable hours before now?

*Wid.*

*Wid.* Yes; but it has been by one that has had a Commission
For what he did: I'm afraid thou'd it once become
Your Duty, you would soon grow weary of the Employment.
Sir *Fred.* Widow, I hate this distance; 'tis not the English fashion:
Prithee let's come to't hand to fist.
*Wid.* I give no entertainment to such lewd persons.
Farewel, Sir. [*Exit* Wid.
Sir *Fred.* I'll fetch thee again, or conjure the whole Garden up.
Sing the Catch I taught you at the *Rose*. [*Fidlers sing.*

SINGS.

*He that will win a Widows Heart*
*Must bear up briskly to her;*
*She loves the Lad that's free and smart,*
*But hates the formal Wooer.*

*Widow runs to the Window again, with her Maid.*

*Wid.* Hold, hold, Sir *Frederick*; what do you imagine
The Neighbours will think?
Sir *Fred.* So ill, I hope, of thee, thou'l't be forc'd to
Think the better of me.
*Wid.* I am much beholden to you for the care you have
of my Reputation.
Sir *Fred.* Talk no more, but let the door be open'd;
Or else Fidlers——
*Wid.* Pray hold; what security shall I have for
Your good behaviour?
Sir *Fred.* My Sobriety.
*Wid.* That's pawn'd at the Tavern from whence
You came.
Sir *Fred.* Thy own Honesty then; is that engag'd?
*Wid.* I think that will go nigh to secure me.
Give 'em entrance, *Betty*. [*Ex.* Wid. *and her* Maid.

*Enter* Palmer *with a Link before him.*

Sir *Fred.* Ha! who goes there?
*Palm.* An humble Creature of yours, Sir.
Sir *Fred.* *Palmer* in a disguise! what roguery
Hast thou been about?
*Palm.* Out of my loyal inclinations doing
Service to his Majesty.
Sir *Fred.* What? a plotting?
*Palm.* How to destroy his Enemies, Mr. *Wheadle*
And I are very vigilant.
Sir *Fred.* In bubbling of some body, on my life.
*Palm.* We do not use to boast our services,
Nor do we seek Rewards; good actions

Recom-

Recompence themſelves.

Sir *Fred.* Ho the door opens; farewel, Sirrah.
Gentlemen, wait you without, and be ready
When I call.
Honeſt Bell-man, drink this. [*Gives the Bell-man money.*

*Bell-m.* Thank you, Noble Maſter. [*Exit Bell-man.*

Sir *Fred. entring.* Here's ſomething to ſtop thy mouth too.
[*The Maid ſtricks.*

*Maid.* Out upon you, Sir *Frederick*; you'll never leave
Your old tricks. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE III.

*Scene, The* Widow's *Houſe.*

*Enter Sir* Frederick, *leading the Widow, follow'd by her Maid.*

Sir *Fred.* Little did I think I ſhou'd have been brought
To this paſs: Love never had the power to rob me
Of my reſt before.

*Wid.* Alas poor Gentleman! he has not been us'd to
Theſe late hours.

Sir *Fred.* Widow, do not you be peeviſh now; 'tis dangerous
Jeſting with my affection; 'tis in its infancy, and
Muſt be humour'd.

*Wid.* Pray teach me how, Sir.

Sir *Fred.* Why, with kiſſes, and ſuch pretty little dalliances,
Thus, thus. [*Kiſſes her.*

*Wid.* Hold, hold, Sir; if it be ſo froward, put it out
To Nurſe; I am not ſo fond of it as you imagine;
Pray how have you diſpos'd of your brave Camerades?
Have you left them to the mercy of the Beadle?

Sir *Fred.* No, you muſt be acquainted with their Virtues.
Enter, Gentlemen.

*Enter the Fidlers, and a Maſque of Link-boys, who are Dancing-maſters, diſguis'd for the Frollick.*

*Wid.* Theſe are men of skill. [*After the Maſque.*

Sir *Fred.* I diſguis'd 'em for your Entertainment.

*Wid.* Well, Sir, now I hope you'll leave me to my
Reſt.

Sir *Fred.* Can you in conſcience turn a young man
Out of doors at this time o' th' night, Widow?
Fie, fie, the very thought on't will keep you
Waking.

*Wid.* So pretty, ſo well-favour'd a young man;
One that loves me.

Sir *Fred.* Ay, one that loves you.

*Wid.* Truly 'tis a very hard hearted thing. [*She sighs.*
Sir *Fred.* Come, come, be mollifi'd. You may go, Gentlemen,
And leave me here; you may go. [*To the Masquers.*
*Wid.* You may stay, Gentlemen; you may stay,
And take your Captain along with you:
You'll find good Quarters in some warm Hay-loft.
Sir *Fred.* Mercileſs Woman! Do but lend me thy Maid; Faith I'll
Uſe her very tenderly and lovingly, e'en as I'd uſe
Thy ſelf, dear Widow, if thou wou'dſt but make proof
Of my affection.
*Wid.* If the Conſtable carry your ſuſpicious perſon to the
Compter, pray let me have notice of it; I'll ſend my
Taylor to be your Bail.
Sir *Fred.* Go, go to Bed, and be idle, Widow; that's worſe than
Any misfortune I can meet with. Strike up, and give
Notice of our coming. Farewel, Widow;
I pity thy ſolitary condition. [*Exeunt Fidlers playing.*

## SCENE IV.

### Scene, Sir *Frederick*'s Lodging.

*Enter* Dufoy, *and* Clark.

*Clark.* I wonder Sir *Frederick* ſtays out ſo late.
*Dufoy.* Dis is noting; ſix, ſeven a Clock in the morning
Is ver good hour.
*Clark.* I hope he does not uſe theſe hours often.
*Dufoy.* Some ſix, ſeven times a Week; no oftner.
*Clark.* My Lord commanded me to wait his coming.
*Dufoy.* Matré Clark, to divertiſe you, I vil tell you
How I did get be acquainted vis dis bedlam Matré.
About two, tree year ago, me had for my conveniance [*Enter a Foot-boy.*
Diſcharge my ſelf from attending as Matré D'oſtel to
A perſon of Condition in *Parie*; it hapen after de
Diſpatch of my little affairé——
*Foot-b.* That is, after h'ad ſpent his money, Sir.
*Dufoy.* Jan foutré de Lacque; me vil have de Vip
And de Bellé vor your breek, Rogue.
*Foot-b.* Sir, in a word, he was *Jack-pudding* to a Mountebank,
And turn'd off for want of Wit: my Maſter pick'd him
Up before a Puppit-ſhow, mumbling a half-penny
Cuſtard, to ſend him with a Letter to the Poſt.
*Dufoy.* Morbleu, ſee, ſee de inſolance of de Foot-boy Engliſh,
Bogre Raſcale, you lye, begar I vil cutté your troaté. [*Exit Foot-boy.*
*Clark.* He's a Rogue; on with your ſtory, Monſieur.
*Dufoy.* Matré Clark, I am your ver humble Serviteur; but

Begar

Begar me have no patience to be abuſé. As I did ſay, After
De diſpatché of my affairé, van day being Idele, vich
Does producé de Mellancholique, I did valké over
De new Bridge in *Parie*, and to devertiſe de time,
And my more ſerious taughté, me did look to ſee
De Marrioneté and de Jack-puddingé, vich
Did play hundred pretty triké, time de
Collation vas come; and vor I had no company, I vas
Unwilling to go to de Cabareté, but did buy a Darriolé,
Little Cuſtardé, vich did ſatisfie my apetite ver vel:
In dis time young Monſieur de *Grandvil* (a Jentelman
Of ver great Quality, van dat vas my ver good Friendé,
And has done me ver great and inſignal faveure)
Come by in his Caroché, vid dis Sir *Frollick*, who did
Pention at the ſame Academy, to learn de
Language, de bon mine, de great horſe, and
Many oder triké: Monſieur ſeeing me did
Make de bowé, and did beken, beken me come
To him: he did tellé me dat de Englis Jentelman
Had de Letré vor de Poſté, and did entreaté
Me (If I had de oppertunity) to ſee de Letré
Deliver: he did tellé me too, it vold be ver great
Obligation: de memory of de faveur I had
Receive from his Famelyé, beſide de inclination I
Naturally have to ſerve de ſtrangeré, made me
Returné de complemen vid ver great civility.
And ſo I did take de Letré, and ſee it deliveré.
Sir *Frollick* perceiving (by de managment of dis
Affairé) dat I vas man d'eſprit, and of vitté, did
Entreaté me to be his Serviteur; me did take
D'affection to his Perſone, and vas contenté to live
Vid him, to counſil and to adviſé him. You ſee
Now de lye of the Bougre dé Lacque Engliſhe, Morbleu.

*Enter a Foot-man.*

*Foot-m.* Monſieur, the Apothecary is without.

*Dufoy.* Dat news be no ver velcome, begar.
Matré Clark, go and ſit you down; I vil but ſwal
My Break face, and be vid you again preſant.
Morbleu L' Apothecaré. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE V.

Scene, A Field.

*Enter* Wheadle *and* Cully.

*Cully.* Dear *Wheadle*, this is too dangerous a teſtimony
Of thy kindneſs.

*Whead.* I shou'd be angry with you if you thought so:
What makes you so serious?
*Cul.* I am sorry I did not provide for both our safeties.
*Whead.* How so?
*Cul.* Colonel *Hewson* is my Neighbour, and very good
Friend; I might have acquainted him with
The business, and got him with a File of
Musketeers to secure us all.
*Whead.* But this wou'd not secure your Honour.
What wou'd the World have judg'd?
*Cul.* Let the World have judg'd what it wou'd.: Have
We not had many precedents of late, and
The World knows not what to judge?
*Whead.* But you see there was no need to hazard
Your Reputation; here's no Enemy appears.
*Cul.* We have done our Duty, let's be going then.
*Whead.* We ought to wait a while.
*Cul.* The air is so bleak, I vow I can no longer
Endure it.
*Whead.* Have a little patience, methinks I see two
Making towards us
In the next Close.
*Cul.* Where, where? 'tis them.
*Whead.* Bear up bravely now like a Man.
*Cul.* I protest I am the worst dissembler
In cases of this nature.
*Whead.* Alon; look like a Man of resolution.
Whither, whither go you?
*Cul.* But to the next House to make my Will,
For fear of the worst: tell them I'll be here
Again presently.
*Whead.* By no means; if you give 'em the least occasion
To suspect you, they'll appear like Lyons.
*Cul.* Well, 'tis but giving security for the Money;
That will bring me off at last.

*Enter* Palmer *and his* Second.

*Palm.* I see you ride the Fore-Horse, Gentlemen.

[*All strip but* Cully, *who fumbles with his Doublet.*

*Whead.* Good-morrow, Sir.
*Sec.* Come, Sir, let us match the Swords. [*To* Wheadle.
*Whead.* With all my heart. [*They match the Swords.*

Palmer *Sings.*

*He had and a good right* Bilbo *blade,*
*Wherewith he us'd to vapour;*
*Full many a stubborn Foe had made,*
*To wince and cut a caper.*

*Sec.*

*Sec.* Here's your Sword, Sir. [*To* Palmer.

*Palm.* Come, Sir, are you ready for this ſport? [*To* Cully.

*Cul.* By and by, Sir; I will not rend the buttons from my Doublet for no mans pleaſure.

*Whead.* Death, y'ave ſpoil'd all; make haſte.

*Cul.* Hang 'em, the Devil eggs 'em on; they will fight.

*Palm.* What, will you never have done fumbling?

*Sec.* This is a ſhame; fight him with his Doublet on; There's no foul play under it.

*Palm.* Come, Sir, have at you. [*Making to* Cully.

*Sec.* Here, here, Sir. [*To* Wheadle.

*Whead.* I am for you, Sir. [Wheadle *and the* Second *ſeem to fight.*

*Cul.* Hold, hold, I beſeech you, Mr. *Palmer*, hear me, Hear me.

*Whead.* What's the matter?

*Cul.* My Conſcience will not let me fight in a wrong Cauſe; I will pay the Money, I have fairly loſt it.

*Whead.* How contemptible is man, overcome by the worſt of Paſſions, Fear! it makes him as much below Beaſts, As Reaſon raiſes him above them. I will my ſelf Fight you both; Come on, if you dare.——

*Cul.* Prethee, dear *Wheadle*, do but hear me.

*Whead.* I diſown all the kindneſs I ever had for you: Where are theſe men of valour, which owe their Vertue to this Mans Vice? let me go I will chaſtiſe Their Inſolence my ſelf. [Cully *holds him.*

*Cul.* Dear *Wheadle*, bear with the frailties of Thy Friend.

*Whead.* Death, what wou'd you have me do? Can I ſerve You with any thing more dear than my Life?

*Cul.* Let us give them ſecurity.

*Whead.* Do you know what it is you wou'd do? have you conſider'd What a thouſand Pounds is? 'tis a Fortune for any one Man.

*Cul.* I will pay it all, thou ſhalt be no loſer.

*Whead.* Do you hear, Shepherd? how do you expect This Money?

*Palm.* I expect ſuch ſecurity for it as my Friend ſhall adviſe.

*Sec.* A Warrant to confeſs a Judgment from you both.

*Whead.* You ſhall be damn'd firſt; you ſhall Have nothing.

*Palm.* and *Sec.* We'll have your bloods.

[*They proffer to fight*; Cully *holds* Wheadle.

*Whead.* Let me go.

*Cul.* Dear *Wheadle*, let it be ſo. You ſhall Have a Judgment, Gentlemen.

*Whead.* I will take care hereafter with whom I engage.

[*The* Second *pulls Papers out of his Pocket.*

What?

What? you have your tacklings about you.

*Sec.* We have Articles for Peace, as well as Weapons For War.

*Whead.* Diſpatch, deſpatch then, put me to no more Torment with delays

*Sec.* Come Sir *Nicholas* to the Book; you ſee we are favourable, We grant you the benefit of your Clergy. Your Helping hand, good Mr. *Wheadle*, to finiſh the work. [*Cul. ſubſcribes on* Palmer's *back, and then* Wheadle.

*Whead.* Take that into the bargain. [*Kicks him.*

*Palm.* You ſhall have another, if you pleaſe, at the price.

*Sec.* We ſeldom quarrel under a thouſand pounds.

*Palm. and Sec.* We wiſh you merry, Gentlemen.

Palmer *ſings.*

*Come, let's to the Tavern ſcape,*
*And drink whilſt we can ſtand;*
*We thirſt more for the Blood o' th' Grape,*
*Than for the blood of Man.*

[*Exeunt* Palmer *and* Second.

*Whead.* Do you ſee now what men of mighty proweſs Theſe are?

*Cul.* I was to blame indeed.

*Whead.* I am in ſuch a paſſion I know not what To do: Let us not ſtand gazing here; I wou'd not have this known for a Kingdom.

*Cul.* No, nor I neither. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE VI.

Scene, The Lord *Bevil*'s Houſe.

*Enter my Lord* Bevil *and* Lovis.

*Lovis.* 'Tis yet within your pow'r, Sir, to maintain Our Honour, and prevent this threatning ſtain.

L. *Bev.* Forbear this wicked inſolence: Once more I charge you think on your Obedience. [*Exit. L.* Bevil.

*Lovis.* Beauty, what art thou, we ſo much admire! Thou art no real, but a ſeeming fire, Which, like the glow-worm, only caſts a light To them whoſe Reaſon Paſſion does benight. Thou art a Meteor, which but blazing dies, Made of ſuch Vapours as from us ariſe. Within thy guilty beams lurk cruel Fates, To peaceful Families, and warring States. Unhappy Friend, to doat on what we know——— [*Ent. a Servant.*

*Serv.* Sir, Colonel *Bruce*, unexpectedly releaſed from

His

His Impriſonment, is come to wait upon you. [*Exit Servant.*

*Lovis.* What ſhall I do! Ye Powers above be kind,
Some counſel give to my diſtracted mind:
Friendſhip and ſhame within me ſo contend,
I know not how to ſhun or meet my Friend.

*Enter* Bruce.

*Bruce:* Where is my gen'rous Friend? Oh noble Youth,
How long have I been rob'd of this content? [*They Embrace.*
Though deprivation be the greateſt pain.
When Heav'n reſtores our Happineſs again,
It makes amends by our Encreaſe of Joy,
Perfecting that which it did once deſtroy.
Dear Friend, my Love does now exact its Due;
*Graciana* muſt divide my Heart with you:
Conduct me to your Siſter, where I may
Make this my Morn of Joy a glorious Day.
What means this ſad Aſtoniſhment?

*Lovis.* How can we chuſe but with Confuſion greet,
When I your Joys with equal Sorrows meet.

*Bruce.* O Heav'n! Muſt my Afflictions have no End!
I ſcap'd my Foe to periſh by my Friend:
What ſtrange Diſaſter can produce this Grief!
Is *Graciana* dead? Speak, ſpeak: Be brief.

*Lovis.* She lives; but I could wiſh her dead.

*Bruce.* Raſh Man! Why ſhould your Envy ſwell ſo high,
To wiſh the World this great Calamity?
Wiſh the whole Frame of nature were diſſolv'd;
That all things to a Chaos were revolv'd.
There is more Charity in this Deſire;
Since with our Loſs, our Sorrows wou'd expire.

*Enter* Aurelia.

*Lovis.* Here comes *Aurelia*, ſent for my Relief:
Heav'n knows her Tongue can beſt expreſs this Grief:
Examine her, and you ſhall find ere long,
I can revenge, though not relate your Wrong.

*Bruce.* For pity, haſt *Aurelia*, and declare [*Kiſſes her Hand.*
The Reaſons of your Brother's frighting Care:
My Soul is rack'd with Doubts, until I know. [*After a pauſe.*
Your Silence and your Looks, *Aurelia*, ſhow
As if your Kindneſs made you bear a Part
Of thoſe great Sorrows that afflict his Heart.

*Aurel.* His Paſſion is ſo Noble and ſo Juſt,
No gen'rous Soul can know it but it muſt
Lay claim unto a Portion, as its Due;
He can be thus concern'd for none but you.

*Bruce.* Kind Maid, reveal what my Misfortunes are;
Friendſhip muſt not engroſs them, though I ſhare.

I wou'd.

I wou'd not willingly my Love ſuſpect;
And yet, I fear, 'tis anſwer'd with Neglect.

*Aurel.* My Siſter, by unlucky Stars miſ-led,
From you, and from her Happineſs is fled;
Unskilful in the Way, by Paſſion preſt,
She has took Shelter in another's Breſt.

*Bruce.* Fate thou haſt done thy worſt, Thy Triumph ſing;
Now thou haſt ſtung ſo home, th'aſt loſt thy Sting.
I have no Power *Graciana* to exclaim [*After a pauſe.*
Againſt your Fault; indeed you are to blame.

*Lovis.* Tell me, did ſhe her Promiſe plight, or give
Your Love encouragement enough to live?

*Bruce.* It was her pity ſure, and not her Love,
That made her ſeem my Paſſion to approve:
My Story was unpleaſant to her Ear
At firſt; but time had made her apt to hear
My Love; ſhe told me that it grew her Grief,
As much as mine, my Pain found no Relief;
Then promis'd ſhe'd endeavour the decreaſe
Of that in her which warr'd againſt my Peace,
'Twas in this joyful Spring of Love that I
Was raviſh'd from her by our Enemy:
My hopes grew ſtrong, I baniſh'd all Deſpair:
Theſe glowing Sparks I then left to the Care
Of this fair Maid, thinking ſhe might inſpire
My Paſſion, and blow up the kindling Fire.

*Lovis.* Alas; She to my knowledge has been true;
Sh' a ſpoke and ſigh'd all that ſhe cou'd for you.

*Aurel.* When you were forc'd to end, I did proceed,
And with Succeſs the catching Fire did feed:
Till Noble *Beaufort*, one unlucky Day,
A Viſit to our Family did pay;
Newly arriv'd from Foreign Courts, and fraught
With all thoſe Virtues that in Courts are taught:
He with his am'rous Tales ſo charm'd her Ear,
That ſhe of Love from none but him wou'd hear.

*Bruce.* That Heart, which I ſo long with Toil and Pain
Beſieg'd, and us'd all Stratagems to gain, [*Enter a Servant, and whiſpers with* Lovis.
Is now become, within a trice, we ſee,
The Triumph of another's Victory.
There is a Fate in Love, as well as War;
Some, though leſs careful, more ſucceſsful are.

*Lovis.* Do not this Opportunity withſtand;
Theſe Lovers now are walking Hand in Hand
I'th' Garden; fight him there, and ſacrifice
His Heart to that falſe Woman's Cruelties:
If Fate be ſo unjuſt to make thee fall

His

His Blood or mine shall wait thy *Funeral*.
*Bruce*. Young Man, this Rashness must have my Excuse,
Since 'tis your *Friendship* does your *Fault* produce;
Powers above did not this Passion sway,
But that our Love our Reason did obey,
Your Sister I with justice might accuse,
Nor wou'd I this Occasion then refuse.
*Lovis*. Does *Bruce* resolve thus tamely to decline
His Int'rest, and like foolish Women pine?
Can that great Heart which in your Breast does dwell,
Let your fond Griefs above your Courage swell?
*Bruce*. My Passions grow unruly, and I find
Too soon, they'll raise a Tempest in my mind.
*Graciana*, like fond Parents, y'are to blame,
You did not in its Youth correct my Flame;
'Tis now so head-strong, and so wild a Fire,
I fear to both our Ruines 'twill conspire;
I grow impatient, Friend, come lead me where
I may to her my injur'd Love declare.
*Graciana*, yet your Heart shall be my Prize,
Or else my Heart shall be your Sacrifice.
Despair's the Issue of ignoble Minds,
And but with Cowards Entertainment finds. [*Exeunt* Lovis *and* Bruce.
*Aurel*. Heav'n grant some Moderation to this Rage,
That Reason their swell'd Passions may asswage.
Oh *Bruce!* thou little think'st the Fate in me
Have to the full reveng'd thy Injury. [*Exit*.

## SCENE VII.

Scene, A Garden belonging to my Lord *Bevill*'s House.

*Enter* Beaufort *and* Graciana.

*Beauf*. Madam, what you have told, so much must move
All that have sense of Honour or of Love,
That for my Rival I cou'd shed a Tear,
If Grief had any power when you are near.
*Grac*. Leave this Discourse; your Mistress you neglect,
And to your Rival all your Thoughts direct.

*Enter* Bruce *and* Lovis, *and stand undiscovered*.

*Beauf*. Forgive me, dear *Graciana*, I have been
By my compassion sooth'd into a sin.
The holiest Man that to the Altar bows
With wandring Thoughts too often stains his Vows.
*Bruce*. *Graciana*, you are alter'd much, I find; [*Surprising her by the hand*.

Since I was here y' have learn'd how to be kind.
The God of Love, which ſubt'ly let you ſway,
Has ſtoln your Heart, and taught it to obey.
*Grac.* Heav'ns! what ſtrange ſurpriſe is this!
*Bruce.* Hither I'm come to make my lawful claim;
You are my Miſtreſs, and muſt own my Flame.
*Beauf.* Forbear, bold Man, and do not tempt thy Fate; [*Taking her by the other Hand.*
Thou haſt no Right, her Love does Right create:
Thy Claim muſt to my Title here give place;
'Tis not who loves, but whom ſhe's pleas'd to grace.
*Grac.* Hear me but ſpeak; *Bruce*, you divide my Care,
Though not my Love, you my Compaſſion ſhare;
My Heart does double Duty, it does Mourn
For you brave *Bruce*; for you brave *Beaufort* Burn.
*Bruce.* Your pity but deſtroys: if you wou'd ſave,
It is your Love, *Graciana*, I muſt have.
*Beauf.* Her Love is mine, ſhe did it now declare;
Name it no more, but vaniſh and deſpair.
*Bruce.* Death, do you think to conjure me away!
I am no Devil that am forc'd t' obey:
If y'are ſo good at that, here are ſuch Charms [*Laying his hand on his Sword.*
Can fright y'into the Circle of her Arms.
*Beauf.* Here is a Sword more fit for my Defence;
This is not Courage, *Bruce*, but Inſolence, [Grac. *takes* Beauf. *in her Arms.*
*Graciana*, let me go, my Heart wants room.
*Grac.* My Arms till now were ne'r thought troubleſome.
*Bruce. Beaufort*, I hope y'have Courage to appear,
Where ſacred Sanctuary is not near.
I'll leave you now within that happy ſtate
Which does provoke my Fury and my Hate. [*Ex.* Bru. *and* Lov.
*Grac.* You muſt not meet him in the Field, to prove
A doubtful Combat, for my certain Love.
Beſide, your Heart is mine; will you expoſe
The Heart you gave me, to its raging Foes?
Thoſe Men want Honour who ſtake that at Play
Which to their Friends their Kindneſs gave away.
*Beauf. Graciana*, why did you confine me ſo,
Within your Arms? you ſhou'd have let me go:
We ſoon had finiſht this our hot debate,
Which now muſt wait a longer time on Fate.
*Grac.* None in Combuſtions blame ſuch as deſire
To ſave their precious Goods from raging Fire.
Baniſh this Paſſion now, my Lord, and prove
Your Anger cannot over-cloud your Love.
*Beauf.* Your glorious Preſence can this Rage controul,
And make a Calm in my Tempeſtuous Soul;
But yet there muſt be time; the Sun does bear

A whiſe

A while with the fierce Tempeſt of the Air,
Before he make thoſe ſtormy Conflicts ceaſe,
And with his conquering Beams proclaims a Peace. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT IV. SCENE I.

*Enter Lord* Beaufort *and* Lovis.

*Lovis.* FArewel, my Lord, I'll to my Friend declare
How gen'rous you in your Acceptance were.
*Beauf.* My Honour is as forward as my Love,
On equal Wings of Jealouſy they move:
I to my Rival will in neither yield;
I've won the Chamber, and will win the Field.
*Lovis.* Your Emulation, Sir, is ſwoln ſo high,
You may be worthy of his Victory:
You'll meet with Honour blown, not in the Bud
Whoſe Root was fed with vaſt expence of Blood. [*Exit* Lovis.

*Enter Sir* Frederick.

Sir *Fred.* What, my Lord, as ſtudious as a Country Vicar
On a Saturday in the Afternoon?
I thought you had been ready for the Pulpit.
*Beauf.* I am not ſtudying Speeches for my Miſtreſs;
'Tis Action that I now am thinking on;
Wherein there's Honour to be gain'd;
And you, Couſin, are come luckily to ſhare it.
Sir *Fred.* On my Life, a Prize to be plaid for your Miſtreſs:
I had notice of your Quarrel, which brought me hither
So early with my Sword to ſerve you.
But dares ſo zealous a Lover as your Lordſhip
Break the Commandment of your Miſtreſs?
I heard, poor Lady, ſhe wept, and charg'd you
To ſleep in a whole Skin; but young Men
Never know when th'are well.
*Beauf.* Couſin, my Love to her cannot make me forget
My Duty to my Family.
Sir *Fred.* Pray whoſe Body muſt I exerciſe my Skill upon?
*Beauf.* You met the Man; *Graciana*'s Brother.
Sir *Fred.* An expert Gentleman, and I have not fenc'd of late,
Unleſs it were with my
Widow's Maids; and they are e'en too hard for me,
At my own Weapon.
*Beauf.* Couſin, 'tis time we were preparing for the Field.
Sir *Fred.* I wait to ſerve you, Sir,

*Beauf.* But yet with Grief, *Graciana*, I muſt go,
Since I your Brother there ſhall meet my Foe:
My Fate too near reſembles theirs where he
Did wound himſelf that hurt his Enemy. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

*Enter* Wheadle, *and* Palmer *dreſs'd like the Lord* Bevil.

*Wbead.* So, my *Proteus*, exactly dreſs'd!
Dexterous Rogue! is *Grace* ready in her Geers,
And ſettl'd in my Lady *Dawbwell*'s Houſe?
*Palm.* Every Trap is baited.
*Wbead.* I'll warrant you then we catch our *Cully*:
He's gone to put himſelf into a fantaſtick Garb,
In Imitation of Sir *Frederick Frolliok*;
He's almoſt frantick with the very conceit
Of gaining the rich Widow. But hark,
I hear him coming; ſlip down the back way,
And to your charge. [*Exit* Palmer.

*Enter* Cully.

Sir *Nich. Wheadle*, and what think you of this Habit?
Is it not very modiſh?
*Wbead.* As any Man need wear:
How did you furniſh your ſelf ſo ſuddenly?
Sir *Nich.* Suddenly? I proteſt, I was, at leaſt,
At Sixteen Brokers, before I could put my ſelf
Exactly into the Faſhion; but now I defie Sir *Frederick*;
I am as fine as he, and will be as mad as he,
If that will carry the Widow,
I'll warrant thee.
*Wbead.* Is it not better puſhing thus for a Fortune,
Before your Reputation's blaſted
With the infamous Names of Coward and Gameſter?
And ſo become able to pay the Thouſand Pounds without noiſe?
Than going into the Country, ſelling your Land,
Making a Havock among your Woods, or mortgaging
Your Eſtate to a ſcrupulous Scrivener, that will
Whiſper it into the Ears of the whole Town,
By inquiring of your good Behaviour?
Sir *Nich.* Excellent *Wheadle*! And will my Lord
*Bevil* ſpeak my Commendations to his
Siſter?
*Wbead.* She is impatient till ſhe ſee you, Sir;
For in my hearing, upon the Account I gave him
Of you, he told her you were the prettieſt, wittieſt,

Wildeſt

Wildeſt Gentleman about the Town, and a Cavalier
In your Heart; the only things that take her.
Sir *Nich. Wheadle*, Come, I will go to the Tavern,
And ſwallow two whole Quarts of Wine
Inſtantly, and, when I am drunk,
Ride on a Drawer's Back to viſit her.
*Whead.* Some leſs Frollick to begin with.
Sir *Nich.* I will cut three Drawers over the Pate then,
And go with a Tavern-Lanthorn before me at Noon-Day.
Come away. [*Exeunt*, Cully *ſinging.*

## SCENE III.

*Enter* Palmer *and* Grace.

*Palm.* Do not I look like a very Reverend Lord,
*Grace*?
*Grace.* And I like a very fine Lady, Mr. *Palmer*?
*Palm.* Yes in good Faith, *Grace*; what a rogue is that
*Wheadle*, to have kept ſuch a Treaſure to himſelf,
Without communicating a little to his Friends? [*Offers to kiſs her.*
*Grace.* Forbear; you'll be out in your Part,
My Lord, when Sir *Nicholas* comes.
*Palm.* The truth is, my Lady, I am better
Prepar'd at this time to act a Lover,
Than a Relation.
*Grace.* That grave Dreſs is very amorous indeed.
*Palm.* My Vertues, like thoſe of Plants in the Winter,
Are retired; your warm Spring
Wou'd fetch 'em out with a Vengeance.

*Enter* Jenny *in haſte.*

*Jenny.* Mr. *Wheadle* and Sir *Nich'las* are come.
*Palm.* Away, away then, Siſter, expect your Kew.

*Enter* Wheadle *and Sir* Nicholas, *kicking a Tavern-Boy before him who has three Bottles of Wine on a Rope hanging at his Back.*

*Cul.* ſinging. *Then march along, Boys; valiant and ſtrong Boys.*
So lay down the Bottles here.
*Whead.* My Lord, this is the worthy Gentleman
That I told you was
Ambitious to be your Siſter's Servant.
*Cul.* Hither am I come, my Lord, to drink
Your Siſter's Health, without Offence, I hope.
*Palm.* You are heartily welcome, Sir.
*Cul.* Here's a Brimmer then to her, and all the
Fleas about her.

*Palm*

*Palm.* Sir, I'll call her to pledge it.
*Cul.* Stay, ſtay, my Lord, that you may
Be able to tell her you have drunk it. [Palmer *drinks and exit.*
*Wheadle*, How do you like this? [*Draws his Sword.*
Shall I break the Windows?
*Wid.* Hold, Hold;
You are not in a Houſe of evil Reputation.
*Cul.* Well admoniſh'd, Sir *Fredrick Frollick.*
*Enter* Palmer *and* Grace.
*Palm.* This is Sir *Nich'las*, Siſter.
*Cul.* I, Madam, I am Sir *Nich'las*, and how do you like me?
*Grac.* A pretty Gentleman.
Pray, Sir, are you come a Houſe-warming,
That you bring Wine with you?
*Cul.* If you ask ſuch pert Queſtions,
Madam, I can ſtop your Mouth. [*Kiſſes her.*
Hither am I come to be drunk,
That you may ſee me drunk; and
Here's a Health to your Flannel Petticoat. [*Drinks.*
*Grac.* Mr. *Wheadle*, my Service to you; a Health
To Sir *Nich'las*'s great Grand-Father's Beard-Bruſh. [*She drinks part.*
*Cul.* Nay, pledge me; Ha———
*Grac.* You are not quarrelſome in your Drink,
I hope, Sir.
*Cul.* No, faith; I am wond'rous loving. [*Hugs her.*
*Grac.* You are a very bold Lover.
*Cul.* Widow, let you and I go upon the Ramble
To Night.
*Grac.* Do you take me for a Night-walker, Sir?
*Cul.* Thou ſhalt be Witneſs how many Conſtables
Staves I'll break about the Watch-Mens Ears:
How many Bell-Men I'll rob of their Verſes,
To furniſh a little Apartment in the Back-ſide
Of my Lodging.
*Grac.* I believe y' are an excellent Man at
Quarter-ſtaff, Sir.
*Cul.* The odds was on my head againſt any Warrener
In all our Country; But I have left it off this
Two year. My Lord, what ſay you, Do you think
Your Siſter and I ſhou'd not furniſh a Bed-chamber
As well as two ſoberer people? What think you, my Lord?
*Grac.* I, and a Nurſery too, I hope, Sir.
*Cul.* Well ſaid, Widow, i'faith; I will get upon thy Body
A Generation of wild Cats, Children that ſhall
Waw, waw, ſcratch their Nurſes, and be drunk
With their Sucking-bottles.
*Whead.* Brave Sir *Nich'las.*

*Cul.*

*Cul. Wheadle*, give me a Brimmer; the Widow
Shall drink it to our Progeny.
Where, where, is she gone? [*Exit* Grac.
*Palm.* You have frighted her hence, Sir.
*Cull.* I'll fright her worse, if I find her in a Corner.
Ha, Widow, I'll follow you; I'll follow you, ha. [*Exit* Cully.
*Whead.* The Wine makes the Rogue witty; he
Over-acts the Part I gave him;
Sir *Frederick* is not half so mad: I will keep
Him thus elevated till he has married *Grace*,
And we have the best part of his Estate at our mercy.
*Palm.* Most ingenious *Wheadle*!
*Whead.* I was not born to ease nor Acres;
Industry is all my stock of living. [*The Women shriek within*
*Palm.* Hark, he puts them to the squeek.
*Whead.* We must go and take him off; he's as fierce
As a Bandog that has newly broke his chain. [*Exeunt laughing.*

## SCENE IV.

### Scene, A Field.

*Enter* Bruce *and* Lovis, *and traverse the Stage.*

*Then enter four or five Men in disguises.*

1 *Man.* This way they went; be sure you kill the Villain:
Let pity be a stranger to your breasts.
2 *Man.* We have been bred, you know, unacquainted with
Compassion.
3 *Man.* But why, Colonel, shou'd you so eagerly
Pursue his Life? he has the report of
A gallant Man.
1 *Man.* He murdered my Father.
3. *Man.* I have heard he kill'd him fairly in
The Field at *Nasby*.
1 *Man.* He kill'd him, that's enough; and I my self
Was witness; I accus'd him to the
Protector, and suborn'd Witness
To have taken away his Life by form
Of Law; but my Plot was discover'd, and
He yesterday releas'd; since which I've
Watch'd an opportunity, without the
Help of seeming Justice, for my Revenge.
Strike home.——
3. *Man.* We are your hired slaves; and since
You'll have it so, we'll shed his blood,

And

And never ſpare our own. [*Exeunt, drawing their Swords.*

*Enter* Beaufort *and Sir* Frederick, *and traverſe the Stage.*

*Enter* Bruce *and* Lovis *at another door.*

*Bruce.* Your Friendſhip, noble Youth, 's too prodigal;
For one already loſt you venture all;
Your preſent happineſs, your future joy;
You for the hopeleſs your great hopes deſtroy.

*Lovis.* What can I venture for ſo brave a friend?
I have no hopes but what on you depend.
Shou'd I your Friendſhip and my Honour rate
Below the value of a poor Eſtate.
A heap of dirt! Our Family has been
To blame, my blood muſt here atone the ſin.

*Enter the five Villains with drawn Swords.*

Heav'n! what is there an Ambuſcado laid!
Draw, deareſt Friend, I fear we are betray'd.

1 *Vil. Bruce*, look on me and then prepare to die. [*Pulling off his Vizard.*

*Bruce.* O Treacherous Villain!

1 *Vil.* Fall on, and ſacrifice his blood to my Revenge.

*Lovis.* More hearts than one ſhall bleed if he muſt die. [*They fight.*

*Enter* Beaufort *and Sir* Frederick.

*Beauf.* Heavens! what's this I ſee! Sir *Frederick*, draw;
Their blood's too good to grace ſuch
Villains Swords. Courage, brave men; now
We can match their Force.

*Lovis.* We'll make you, ſlaves, repent [*The Villains run.*
This Treachery.

*Beauf.* So.

*Bruce.* They are not worth purſuit; we'll let them go.
Brave Men! this action makes it well appear
'Tis Honour and not Envy brings you here.

*Beauf.* We come to conquer, *Bruce*, and not to ſee
Such Villains rob us of our Victory.
Your Lives our fatal Swords claim as their due;
W'ad wrong'd our ſelves had we not righted you.

*Bruce.* Your gen'rous courage has oblig'd us ſo,
That to your ſuccour we our ſafety owe.

*Lovis.* Y'ave done what men of Honour ought to do,
What in your cauſe we wou'd have done for you.

*Beauf.* You ſpeak the truth; w'ave but our duty done;
Prepare: Duty's no obligation. [*He ſtrips.*

*Bruce.* My Honour is diſ-ſatisfi'd; I muſt, [Lovis *and Sir* Frederick *ſtrip.*
My Lord, conſider whether it be juſt
To draw my Sword againſt that Life which gave
Mine, but e'en now, protection from the grave.

*Beauf.*

*Beauf.* None come into the Field to weigh what's right,
This is no place for Counsel, but for Fight:
Dispatch.
*Bruce.* I am resolv'd I will not fight.
*Beauf.* Did I come hither then only to fright
A Company of fearful Slaves away?
My Courage stoops not at so mean a prey:
Know, *Bruce*, I hither come to shed thy Blood.
*Bruce.* Open this bosom, and let out a flood.
*Beauf.* I come to conquer bravely in the Field,
Not to take poor revenge on such as yield.
Has nothing pow'r, too backward man, to move
Thy Courage? Think on thy neglected Love:
Think on the beauteous *Graciana*'s Eyes;
'Tis I have robb'd thee of that glorious prize.
*Bruce.* There are such Charms in *Graciana*'s Name, [*Strips hastily.*
My scrup'lous Honour must obey my Flame:
My lazy Courage I with shame condemn:
No thoughts have power streams of Blood to stem.
Sir *Fred.* Come, Sir, out of kindness to our Friends,
You and I must pass a small complement
On each other. [*They all fight.*

Beaufort *after many Passes closes with* Bruce; *they fall*;
Beaufort *disarms him.*

*Beauf.* Here, live. [*Giving* Bruce *his Sword again.*
*Bruce.* My Lord, y'ave gain'd a perfect Victory;
Y'ave vanquish'd and oblig'd your Enemy.
*Beauf.* Hold, gallant men. [Bruce *and* Beaufort *part* Lovis *and Sir* Frederick.
*Lovis.* Before we Bleed: Do we here fight a Prize,
Where handsom proffers may for Wounds suffice?
I am amaz'd! what means this bloodless Field!
*Bruce.* The stoutest Heart must to his Fortune yield.
Brave Youth! here Honour did with Courage vie, [*To* Beauf.
And both agree to grace your Victory.
Heaven with such a Conquest favours few:
'Tis easier to destroy than to subdue.
Our Bodies may by brutish force be kill'd;
But noble Minds alone to Virtue yield.
My Lord I've twice receiv'd my Life from you;
Much is to both those gen'rous actions due;
The nobler giver I must highly prize,
Though I the Gift, Heav'n knows, as much despise.
Can I desire to live, when all the Joy
Of my poor Life its Ransom does destroy!
No, no, *Graciana*'s loss I'll ne'er survive:
I pay too dear for this unsought Reprieve.
[*Falls on his Sword, and is desperately wounded.*

*Beauf.* Hold, gallant Man! Honour her self does bleed:
[*Running to him, takes him in his Arms.*
All gen'rous Hearts are wounded by this deed.
*Lovis.* He does his blood for a loſt Miſtreſs ſpend;
And ſhall not I bleed for ſo brave a Friend?
[Lovis *offers to fall on his Sword, but is hindred by Sir* Frederick.
Sir *Fred.* Forbear, Sir, the Frollick's not to go round, as I
Take it.
*Beauf.* 'Twere greater Friendſhip to aſſiſt me here:
I hope the wound's not mortal, though I fear——
*Bruce.* My Sword I doubt has fail'd in my relief?
'T has made a vent for Blood, but not for grief.
[Bruce *ſtruggling, Lovis and Sir* Frederick *help to hold him.*
Let me once more the unkind Weapon try;
Will you prolong my pain? oh cruelty!
*Lovis.* Ah deareſt *Bruce*, can you thus careleſs be
Of our great Friendſhip, and your Loyalty!
Look on your Friend; your drooping Country view;
And think how much they both expect from you.
You for a Miſtreſs waſte that precious Blood,
Which ſhou'd be ſpent but for our Maſter's good.
Sir *Fred.* Expence of Blood already makes him faint;
Let's carry him to the next Houſe, till we can
Procure a Chair to convey him to my Lord *Bevil's*,
The beſt place for accommodation.
[*They all take him up.*
*Beauf.* Honour has plaid an after-game; this Field
The Conq'rour does unto the Conquer'd yield.
[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE V.

*Enter* Graciana *weeping*,

*Grac.* Farewel all thoughts of happineſs, farewel:
My Fears together with my Sorrows ſwell:
Whilſt from my Eyes there flows this Cryſtal Flood,
From their brave hearts there flow ſuch ſtreams of Blood:
Here I am loſt, while both for me contend;
With what ſucceſs can this ſtrange Combate end!
Honour with Honour fights for Victory,
And Love is made the common Enemy.
*Enter Lord* Bevil.
L. *Bevil.* Weeping! Ah Child!——
*Grac.* Kill me not with expectation, Sir.
L. *Bevil.* The gen'rous *Bruce* has kill'd himſelf
For you: Being diſarm'd, and at his Rival's mercy,
His Life and Sword were given him by the
Noble Youth; He made a brave acknowledgment

For

For both; but then considering you were lost,
He scorn'd to live; and falling on his Sword,
Has giv'n himself a mortal wound. [*Exit* L. Bevil.

*Enter* Aurelia *weeping.*

*Aurel.* Cruel *Graciana*, Go but in and see
The fatal Triumph of your Victory.
The Noble *Bruce*, to your eternal shame,
With his own Blood has quench'd his raging flame.

*Grac. Weeping.* My carriage shall in these misfortunes prove,
That I have Honour too, as well as Love.

*Aurel. aside.* Thy sorrows, sad *Aurelia*, will declare
At once, I fear, thy Love and thy Despair:
These streams of grief straight to a flood will rise;
I can command my Tongue, but not my Eyes. [*Exit* Aurel.

*Grac.* In what a Maze, *Graciana*, dost thou tread?
Which is the path that does to Honour lead?
I in this Lab'rinth so resolve to move,
That none shall judge I am misled by Love.

*Enter* Beaufort.

*Beauf.* Here Conq'rours must forget their Victories,
And homage pay to your Victorious Eyes:
*Graciana*, hither your poor Slave is come,
After his Conquest to receive his doom:
Smile on his Victory, had he prov'd untrue
To Honour, he had then prov'd false to you.

*Grac.* Perfidious Man, can you expect from me
An Approbation of your Treachery?
When I, distracted with prophetick fears,
Blasted with sighs, and almost drown'd in tears,
Begg'd you to moderate your Rage last night,
Did you not promise me you would not fight?
Go now and Triumph in your Victory;
Into the Field you went my Enemy,
And are return'd the only Man I hate,
The wicked Instrument of my sad Fate.
My Love has but dissembled been to thee
To try my generous Lover's Constancy. *Exit* Graciana.

*Beauf.* Oh Heav'n! how strange and cruel is my Fate!
Preserv'd by Love, to be destroy'd by hate! [*Exit* Beaufort.

## SCENE VI.

*Scene, The* Widow's *House.*

*Enter* Betty *and* Lettice, *the two Chamber-maids, severally.*

*Betty.* Oh, *Lettice*, we have staid for you.
*Lett.* What hast thou done to the French-man, Girl?

Girl?—he lies yonder neither dead nor drunk;
No body knows what to make of him.

*Betty.* I sent for thee to help make sport with him;
He'll come to himself, never fear him:
Have you not observ'd how scurvily h'as look'd
Of late?

*Lett.* Yes; and he protests it is for love of you.

*Betty.* Out upon him, for a dissembling Rascal;
He's got the foul Disease;
Our Coach-man discover'd it by a Bottle of Diet
Drink he brought and hid behind the Stairs, into which
I infus'd a little *Opium.*

*Lett* What dost intend to do with him?

*Betty.* You shall see.

*Enter Coach-man with a Tub without a bottom, a shut in the top to be lock'd, and a hole to put ones head out at, made easy to be born on ones Shoulders.*

*Coach-m.* Here's the Tub; where's the French-man?

*Betty.* He lies behind the Stairs; haste and bring him in,
That he may take quiet possession of this wooden Tenement;
For 'tis near his time of waking.

*The Coach-man and another Servant bring in* Dufoy, *and put him into the Tub.*

Is the Fidler at hand that us'd to play at the blind
Ale-house?

*Coach-m.* He's ready.

*Enter a Fidler.*

*Betty.* Well, let's hear now what a horrible noise you
Can make to wake this Gentleman. [*Fidler plays a Tune.*

*Lett.* He wants a helping hand; his Eye-lids [*Dufoy begins to awake.*
Are seal'd up; see how the Wax sticks upon 'em.
Let me help you, Monsieur.

*Dufoy.* Vat aré you? Jarnie! vat is dis! am I
Jack in a boxé? begar, who did putté
Me here?

*Betty.* Good-morrow, Monsieur; will you be pleas'd
To take your Pills this Morning?

*Dufoy.* Noé: but I vo'd have de diable take youé;
It vas youé dat did abusé me dus, vas
It noté? begar I vil killé ale de
Shamber-maid in *Englandé.*

*Lett.* Will you be pleas'd to drink, Monsieur?
There's a Bottle of your Diet-drink within.

*Dufoy.* Are youé de littel diable come to tormenté mé?

Morbléu!

Morbleu! vas ever man afronté in dis nature!
*Betty.* Methinks he has ſerbon, ſaine Monſieur,
Now if you pleaſe to make your little Addreſſe,
And your Amouré, you will not find me ſo coy.
*Dufoy.* Begar! vil no marié de couſin Germain
Of de diable.
*Lett.* What ſhou'd he do with a Wife? he has not
Houſe room for her.
*Betty.* Why do you not keep your head within
Doors, Monſieur?
*Lett.* Now there's ſuch a ſtorm abroad.
*Dufoy.* Why did not youé keep your Maiden-headé
Vid in doors? begar, tellé me daté.
*Coach-m.* Have you any fine French Commodities to ſell,
Gloves and Ribbands? y'ave got
A very convenient Shop, Monſieur.
*Dufoy.* I do hope you vil have veriè
Convenient halteré, begar.
Jerny, Can I not taré dis tingé in de pieces?
*Betty.* You begin to ſweat, Monſieur; the Tub is
Proper for you.
*Dufoy.* I have no more patiencé;
I vil breaké dis priſon, or I vil breaké
My neké, and ye ſhall alé be hangé. [*Struggles to get out.*
*Lett.* He begins to rave; bleſs the poor Man.
*Betty.* Some Muſick quickly, to
Compoſe his mind. [*The Muſick plays; and they Dance about him.*
How prettily the Snail carries his Tenement [*He walks with the Tub on his back.*
On his back! I'm ſorry I am but his Miſtreſs:
If I had been your Wife, Monſieur, I had made
You a compleat Snail; your Horns
Shou'd have appear'd.
*Dufoy.* I vil have de patiencé, dere is no oder remedé;
You be alé de Raskalé Whore; de diable
Take you alé; and I vil ſay no more, begar.
*Betty.* This is a very fine Veſſel, and wou'd ſwim well;
Let's to the Horſe pond with him.
*Lett.* Come, come, he looks as ſullenly as a Hare
In her Form; let's leave him.
*Coach-m.* Your Serviteur tres humble, Monſieur. [*Exeunt all but* Dufoy.
*Dufoy.* Bougre, I canno hangé my ſelfé; begar I canno
Drowné my ſelfé; I vil go hidé my ſelfé
And ſtarvé to dyé; I vil no be de laughé
For every Jackanapé Engliſhé. Morbleu.

SCENE

## SCENE VII.

*Sir* Frederick *is brought in upon a Bier, with a Mourning Cloth over him, attended by a Gentleman in a Mourning Cloak: Four Fidlers carry the Corps, with their Instruments tuck'd under their Cloaks.*

*Enter the* Widow *weeping.*

*Mourner.* Madam, you must expect a bloody consequence,
When men of such prodigious Courage fight.
The young Lord *Beaufort* was the first that fell,
After his Sword too deeply had engag'd
His Rival not to stay behind him long.
Sir *Frederick* with your Nephew bravely fought;
Death long did keep his distance, as if he
Had fear'd excess of Valour; but when they,
Ore-loaded with their wounds, began to faint,
He with his terrors did invade their Breasts.
Fame soon brought many to the Tragick Place,
Where I found my dearest Friend, Sir *Frederick*,
Almost as poor in *Breath* as *Blood*:
He took me by the Hand, and all the Stock he had left
He spent, Madam, in calling upon you.
He first proclaim'd your Vertues, then his Love;
And having charg'd me to convey his Corps hither,
To wait on you, his latest *Breath* expir'd
With the Command.

*Wid.* The World's too poor to recompence this loss.
Unhappy Woman! why shou'd I survive
The only man in whom my Joys did live?
My dreadful Grief!

[*The Fidlers prepare.*

*Enter* Dufoy *in his Tub.*

*Dufoy.* Oh my Matré, my Matré! who has kill my Matré? Morbleu, I vil——

[*The* Widow *shrieks and runs out. All the Fidlers run out in a Fright.*

Oh, de Diablé, de Diablé!

[*Sir* Frederick *starts up, which frights* Dufoy.

Sir *Fred.* What Devillish Accident is this?
Or has the Widow undermin'd me?

[*Enter the* Widow *and her Maid, laughing.*

I shall be laugh'd to Death now indeed,
By Chamber-Maids; why have you no
Pity, Widow?

*Wid.* None at all for the Living; Ha, ha, ha.
You see w'are provided for your Frollicks, Sir; Ha, ha.

Sir *Fred.* Laugh but one Minute longer, I will forswear
Thy Company, kill thy Tabby Cat, and make thee weep
For ever after.

*Wid.*

*Wid.* Farewel, Sir, expect a night-cap for the old Man,
With a Paper Lanthorn, and cracked Spectacles,
Singing your woful Tragedy
To Kitchin-Maids, and Cobblers Prentices.

[*Widow offers to go, Sir* Frederick *holds her by the Arm.*

Sir *Fred.* Hark you, hark you, Widow:
By all those Devils that have
Hitherto possess'd thy Sex——
*Wid.* No Swearing, good Sir *Frederick.*
Sir *Fred.* Set thy Face then; let me not see the Remains
Of one poor Smile: So now I will kiss thee,
And be Friends. [*Widow falls out a laughing.*
Not all thy Wealth shall hire me to
Come within smell of thy Breath again.
Jealousie, and, which will be worse for thee, Widow, Impotence
Light upon me, If I stay one Moment longer with thee. [*Offers to go.*
*Wid.* Do you hear, Sir? Can you be so angry with one
That loves you so passionately she cannot survive
You?
Sir *Fred.* Widow, may the Desire of Man keep thee
Waking, till thou art as mad as I am. [*Exit Sir* Frederick.
*Wid.* How lucky was this Accident!
How he wou'd have insulted
Over my Weakness else! ;
Sir *Frederick*, since I've Warning, you shall prove
More subtil Ways, before I own my Love. [*Exeunt.*

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## ACT V. SCENE I.

Scene, The Lord *Bevil*'s House.

*Enter* Lovis, *a* Chirurgeon, *Servants carrying* Bruce *in a Chair.*

*Chir.* COurage, brave Sir, do not mistrust my Art.
*Bruce.* Tell me, didst thou e'er cure a wounded Heart?
Thy Skill, fond Man, thou here imploy'st in vain
The Ease thou giv'st does but encrease my Pain.
*Lovis.* Dear *Bruce*, my Life does on your Life depend;
Though you disdain to live, yet save your Friend.
*Bruce.* Do what you please; but are not those unkind
That ease the Body to afflict the Mind? [*The* Chirurgeon *dresses him.*
Oh cruel Love! thou shoot'st with such strange Skill,
The Wounds thou mak'st will neither heal nor kill:
Thy flaming Arrows kindle such a Fire
As will not waste thy Victims, nor expire!

For

*Enter*

*Enter* Aurelia.

*Lovis.* Is the Wound mortal? Tell me, [*To the Chirurgeon.*
Or may we cherish Hopes of his Recovery?

*Chir.* The Danger is not imminent: yet my Prognostick
Boads a sad Event: For though there be no great
Vessel dissected, yet I have cause to fear
That the *Parenchyma* of the right Lobe of the Lungs,
Near some large Branch of the *Aspera Arteria*, ——
Is perforated.

*Lovis.* Tell me in English, will he live or die?

*Chir.* Truly I despair of his Recovery. [*Ex.* Chirurgeon.

*Aurel. aside.*] Forgive me, Ladies, if Excess of Love
Me beyond Rules of Modesty does move,
And against Custom, makes me now reveal
Those Flames my tortur'd Breast did long conceal;
'Tis some Excuse that I my Love declare
When there's no Med'cine left to cure Despair. [*Weeps by the Chair side.*

*Bruce.* Oh Heav'n; can fair *Aurelia* weep for me!
This is some Comfort to my Misery.
Kind Maid, those Eyes should only Pity take
Of such as feel no Wounds but what they make:
Who for another in your sight does mourn,
Deserves not your Compassion, but your Scorn.

*Aurel.* I come not here with Tears to pity you;
I for your Pity with this Passion sue.

*Bruce.* My Pity! tell me what can be the Grief,
That from the Miserable hopes Relief!

*Aurel.* Before you know this Grief, you feel the Pain.

*Bruce.* You cannot love, and not be lov'd again:
Where so much Beauty does with Love conspire,
No Mortal can resist that double Fire.

*Aurel.* When proud *Graciana*, wounded your brave Heart,
On poor *Aurelia*'s you reveng'd the smart:
Whilst you in vain did seek those Wounds to cure,
With Patience, I their Torture did endure.

*Bruce.* My Happiness has been so long conceal'd,
That it becomes my Misery reveal'd:
That which should prove my Joy, now proves my Grief;
And that brings Pain, which known, had brought Relief.
*Aurelia*, why would you not let me know,
Whilst I had power to pay the Debt I owe?
'Tis now too late; yet all I can I'll do,
I'll sigh away the Breath I've left, for you.

*Aurel.* You yet have power to grant me all I crave,
'Tis not your Love I court, I court your Grave.
I with my Flame seek not to warm your Breast,
But beg my Ashes in your Urn may rest,

For

For ſince *Graciana*'s Loſs you ſcorn'd t' out live,
I am reſolv'd I'll not your Death ſurvive.
*Bruce.* Hold, you too gen'rous are; yet I may live:
Heav'n for your ſake may grant me a Reprieve.
*Aurel.* Oh, no! Heav'n has decreed, alas! that we
Shou'd in our Fates not in our Loves agree.
*Bruce.* Dear Friend, my Raſhneſs I too late repent; [*To* Lovis.
I ne're thought Death till now a Puniſhment.

*Enter* Graciana.

*Grac.* Oh, do not talk of Death! that very Sound
Once more will give my Heart a mortal Wound:
Here on my Knees I've ſin'd I muſt confeſs
Againſt your Love and my own Happineſs;
I, like the Child, whoſe Folly proves his Loſs,
Refus'd the Gold, and did accept the Droſs.
*Bruce.* You have in *Beaufort* made ſo good a choice,
His Virtue's ſuch he has his Rival's Voice;
*Graciana*, none but his great Soul cou'd prove
Worthy to be the Centre of your Love.
*Grac.* You to another would ſuch Virtue give,
Brave Sir, as in your ſelf does only live.
If to the moſt deſerving I am due,
He muſt reſign his weaker Claim to you.
*Bruce.* This is but Flatt'ry; for I'm ſure you can
Think none ſo worthy as that gen'rous Man:
By honour you are his.
*Grac.* Yet, Sir, I know
How much I to your gen'rous Paſſion owe;
You bleed for me; and if for me you dye,
Your Loſs I'll mourn with vow'd Virginity.
*Bruce.* Can you be mindful of ſo ſmall a Debt,
And that which you to *Beaufort* owe forget?
That will not Honour but Injuſtice be;
Honour with Juſtice always does agree.
This generous Pity which for me you ſhow,
Is more than you to my Misfortunes owe:
Theſe Tears, *Graciana*, which for me you ſhed,
O're-prize the Blood which I for you have bled:
But now I can no more———
My Spirits faint within my Wearied Breaſt.
*Lovis.* Siſter, 'tis fit you give him leave to reſt.
Who waits? [*Enter Servants.*
With Care convey him to his Bed.
*Bruce.* Hold———
Deareſt *Aurelia*, I will ſtrive to live,
If you will but endeavour not to grieve.

*Lovis.* Brave Man! the wonder of this Age thou'lt prove,
For Matchleſs Gratitude, and gen'rous Love. [*Exeunt all but* Graciana.

*Grac.* How ſtrangely is my Soul perplext by Fate,
The Man I love, I muſt pretend to hate!
And with diſſembled Scorn his Preſence fly,
Whoſe Abſence is my greateſt Miſery!

*Enter* Beaufort.

*Beauf.* Hear me, upon my Knees I beg you'll hear.
She's gone. [*Exit* Graciana.
There was no need, falſe Woman, to encreaſe
My Miſery with hopes of Happineſs.
This Scorn at firſt had to my Love and me
But Juſtice been; now it is Cruelty.
Was there no way his Conſtancy to prove.
But by your own Inconſtancy in Love?
To try another's Virtue cou'd you be,
*Graciana*, to your own an Enemy?
Sure, 'tis but Paſſion which ſhe thus does vent,
Blown up with Anger and with Diſcontent,
Becauſe my Honour diſobey'd her Will,
And *Bruce* for Love of her his Blood did ſpill.
I once more in her Eyes will read my Fate;
I need no Wound to kill me if ſhe Hate. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

*Enter* Cully *drunk, with a blind Fellow led before him Playing on a* Cymbal, *follow'd by a number of Boys hallowing, and perſecuting him.*

*Cul.* Villains, Sons of unknown Fathers.
Tempt me no more. [*The Boys bout at him, he draws his Sword.*
I will make a young Generation of Cripples,
To ſucceed in *Lincolns-Inn-Fields*, and *Covent-Garden*.
The barbarous breeding of theſe *London* Boys! [*Frights the Boys away.*

*Boy that leads the* Cymbal. Whither do you intend to go, Sir?

*Cul.* To ſee the Wealthy Widow, Mrs. *Rich.*

*Boy.* Where does ſhe dwell, Sir?

*Cul.* Hereabouts; enquire, I will Serenade her
At Noon-Day. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter the* Widow *and her Maid* Betty.

*Wid.* Where is this poor Frenchman, Girl?
He'as done me good Service.

*Betty.* The Butler has got him down into the Cellar, Madam,
Made him drunk, and laid him to ſleep among
His empty Casks.

*Wid.* Pray, when he wakes let him be releas'd of his Impriſonment;
*Betty*, you uſe your Servant too ſeverely. [*The* Cymbal *plays without.*
Hark, what ridiculous Noiſe is that? It ſets my Teeth an edge. Worſe

Worſe than the ſcraping of Trenchers.

*Enter a* Servant.

*Serv.* Madam, a rude drunken Fellow, with a *Cymbal* before him,
And his Sword in his hand is preſs'd into your Houſe.

*Enter* Cully *and* Cymbal: *The Women ſhriek.*

*Cull.* Sirrah play me a bawdy Tune, to pleaſe the Widow:
Have at thee Widow.

*Betty.* 'Tis one of *Oliver*'s Knights, Madam,
Sir *Nicholas Cully*; his Mother was my Grandmother's
Dairy-Maid.

*Enter Servants; they lay hands on him, and take away his Sword.*

*Cull.* Let me go; I am not ſo drunk but I can ſtand
Without your help, Gentlemen.
Widow, here is Muſick; ſend for a Parſon,
And we will dance *Barnaby* within this
Half hour.

*Wid.* I will ſend for a Conſtable, Sir.

*Cull.* Ha'ſt a mind to ſee me beat him? how thoſe Rogues dread me!
Did not *Wheadle* tell thee upon what Conditions
I wou'd condeſcend to make thee my Bed-fellow,
Widow, ſpeak?

*Wid.* This is ſome drunken Miſtake; away with him,
Thruſt him out of door.

*Enter a* Servant: *Claſhing of Swords and Noiſe without.*

*Serv.* Help, help, for Sir *Frederick.*

*Wid.* What's the matter?

*Serv.* He's fighting, Madam, with a Company of Bayliffs,
That wou'd arreſt him at the Door.

*Wid.* Haſte every one, and reſcue him quickly. [*Exeunt all but* Cully.

*Cull.* Widow, come back, I ſay, Widow;
I will not ſtir one Foot after thee:
Come back, I ſay, Widow. [*Falls down and ſleeps.*

*Enter* Dufoy.

*Dufoy.* Vat de diablé be de matré? here is de ver
Strange Varké in dis Houſe; de Vemen dey do
Cry, ha, ha, ha; de Men dey do run, dey do
Take de Batton, de Dung-Vorké, and de Viré-Vorké;
Vat is here, van killé? [*Looking on* Cully.

*Enter* Betty.

*Betty.* You are a truſty Servant, indeed: here you are lock'd up,
While your poor Maſter is arreſted, and drag'd away
By unmerciful Bayliffs.

*Dufoy.* My Matré? Jernie! Metres *Bet*, letté me go:
Begar I vil kill allé de Bogre
De Baylié, and recover my Matré. Bogré de Baylié.

*Betty.* So make all the haſte you can, [*She helps him out of the Tub.*

*Dufoy.* Morbleu! Bogre de Baylié!
I vil go prepare to kill a touſand Baylié,

Begar: Bogre the Bailié. [*Exit.*

*Enter the* Widow *and* Servant, *severally.*

*Wid.* Well, what News?

*Serv.* Madam, they have arrested him upon an Execution for Two hundred Pounds, and carried Him to a *Bayliff*'s House, hard by.

*Wid.* If that be all, *Betty*, take my Key, and give him The Money in Gold; do you content the *Bayliffs*, But let Sir *Frederick* know nothing of it; And then let them bring him to my House, As their Pris'ner: Dispatch. [*Exeunt* Betty *and* Servant.

*Enter a* Foot-Boy.

*Foot-B.* Pray, Madam, is there not a stray Gentleman Mis-led by Drink?

*Wid.* There lies the Beast you look for; You had best remove him quickly, Or I shall cause him to be put into the Pound. [*Ex.* Widow.

*Foot-B.* If I do not get this Fool clear off before he Comes to himself, our Plot is quite spoil'd: This Summer-Livery may chance to hover over My shivering Limbs next Winter. Yonder sits honest *Palmer*, my poor Master, In a Coach, quaking for fear; all that See him in that Reverend Disguise, Will swear he has got the Palsie. Ho, Sir *Nich'las*. [*Pulls him.*

*Cul.* I will drink three Beer-glasses to the Widow's Health, before I go.

*Foot-B.* The Widow stays for you, to wait upon her To the Exchange.

*Cul.* Let her go into her Bed-Chamber and meditate; I am not drunk enough to be seen in her Company.

*Foot-B.* I must carry him away upon my back: but Since things may go ill; 'tis good to make sure Of something: I'll examine his Pockets first: So, for this I thank my own Ingenuity; In this Way of plain Dealing, I can live without The Help of my Master. [*Enter a* Servant.

Pray, Sir, will you help me up with my Burden?

*Serv.* I'm sure your Master has his Load already. [*They lift him up.*

*Cul.* Carry me to my Widow, *Boy*: Where is my Musick?

*Enter Sir* Frederick *with the Bayliffs, who are Fidlers disguis'd, with their Fiddles under their Coats, at one Door, and the Widow at another.*

*Boy.* There is no Hope now; I'll shift for my self. [*Exit Boy.*

Sir *Fred.* Widow, these are old Acquaintance of mine,

Bid

Bid them welcome: I was coming
To wait upon you before, but meeting
Them by the way, they preſs me to drink——

[Cully *reels againſt Sir* Frederick.

*Cul.* Sir *Frederick!* Widow, bid him welcome;
He is a very good Friend of mine, and as mad a Fellow as my ſelf.
Kiſs, kiſs the Widow, Man; ſhe has a plump
Under-Lip, and kiſſes ſmartly.

Sir *Fred.* What's here? *Cully* drunk, transform'd into a Gallant,
And acquainted with the Spring and Proportion
Of the Widow's Lips!

*Cul.* I, I am drunk, Sir; am I not, Widow?
I ſcorn to be ſoberer than your ſelf, I will drink with you,
Swear with you, break Windows with you,
And ſo forth.

Sir *Fred.* Widow, Is this your Champion!

*Wid.* You have no Exception againſt him, I hope;
He has challenged you at your own Weapons.

*Cul.* Widow, Sir *Frederick* ſhall be one of our *Bride-Men*;
I will have none but ſuch mad Fellows at our Wedding;
But before I marry thee I will conſider upon it. [*He ſits down and ſleeps.*

Sir *Fred.* Pray Widow, how long have you been acquainted
With this Mirrour of Knighthood?

*Wid.* Long enough you hear, Sir, to treat of Marriage.

Sir *Fred.* What, you intend me for a Reſerve then?
You will have two *Strings* to your *Bow*, Widow?
I perceive your Cunning; and Faith, I think, I ſhall
Do you the heartier Service, if thou employ'ſt me by the bye.

*Wid.* You are an excellent Gallant indeed: ſhake off
Theſe louſie Companions. Come, carry your Miſtreſs
To the Park, and treat her at the Mulberry Garden,
This glorious Evening.

Sir *Fred.* Widow, I am a Man of buſineſs,
That Ceremony's to be perform'd by idle Fellows.

*Wid.* What wou'd you give to ſuch a Friend as ſhou'd diſpatch
This buſineſs now, and make you one of thoſe idle Fellows.

Sir *Fred.* Faith, pick and chuſe; I carry all my wealth about
Me; do it, and I am all at thy ſervice, Widow.

*Wid.* Well, I have done it, Sir; you are at liberty,
And a leg now will ſatisfie me.

Sir *Fred.* Good Faith, thou art too reaſonable, dear Widow;
Modeſty will wrong thee.

*Wid.* Are you ſatisfi'd?

*Fid.* Yes, Madam.

*Enter* Dufoy, *with a Helmet on his head, and a great Sword in his hand.*

*Dufoy.* Vare are de bougre de Baylié?
Tetibleu, bougre Rogue. [*He falls upon the Fidlers.*

*Fidl.*

*Fidl.* Help, help, Sir *Frederick*, murder, murder! alas, Sir, we
Are not Bayliffs: you may ſee we are men of an honeſter
Vocation. [*They ſhew their Inſtruments.*

Sir *Fred.* Hold, hold, thou mighty Man at Arms.

*Dufoy.* Morbleu, de Fidler! and is my Matré at liberty? play
Me de Trichaté, or de Jegg Engliſhé, quicklie,
Or I vil make you all dance
Vidout your Fiddle; quiké.

*Wid.* I am over-reach'd, I perceive. [Dufoy *dances a Jig.*

Sir *Fred.* Kind Widow, thank thee for this releaſe. [*Shakes his Pockets.*
Laugh, Widow; ha, ha, ha: where is your counterplot, Widow?
Ha, ha, ha. Laugh at her, *Dufoy*. Come,
Be not ſo melancholly; we'll to the Park:
I care not if I ſpend a piece or two upon thee in Tarts and
Cheeſcakes. Piſh, Widow, why ſo much out of humour?
'Tis no ſhame to love ſuch a likely
Young Fellow.

*Wid.* I cou'd almoſt find in my Heart to puniſh my ſelf,
To afflict thee, and marry that drunken Sot I never
Saw before.

Sir *Fred.* How came he hither?

*Wid.* Enquire elſewhere; I will not anſwer thee one
Queſtion; nor let thee ſee me out of a Mask any more
This Fortnight.

Sir *Fred.* Go, go into thy Cloſet, look over thy old Receipts,
And talk wantonly now and then with thy Chamber-maid;
I ſhall not trouble thee much till this is ſpent; [*Shakes his Pockets.*
And by that time thy fooliſh Vow will be near over.

*Wid.* I want patience to endure this Inſolence.
Is my Charity rewarded thus?

Sir *Fred.* Pious Widow, call you this Charity? 'twill get
Thee little hereafter; thou muſt anſwer for ev'ry ſin
It occaſions: Here is Wine and Women
In abundance. [*Shakes his Pockets.*

*Wid.* Avoid my Houſe, and never more come near me.

Sir *Fred.* But hark you, hark you, Widow, do you think
This can laſt always?

*Wid.* Ungrateful Man! [*Exit* Widow.

Sir *Fred.* She's gone; impatience for theſe two hours
Poſſeſs her, and then I ſhall be pretty well
Reveng'd.

*Dufoy.* Begar, Matré, have you not de ver faithful
Serviteur? you do never take notice of my merit.

Sir *Fred.* *Dufoy*, thou art a Man of Courage, and haſt done
Bravely; I will caſt off this Suit a Week ſooner than
I intended, to reward thy ſervice.

*Dufoy.* Begar I have ſeveral time given you ver

Dangerous

Dangerous testimonie of my affection.

*Enter a* Servant, *and takes up* Cully *in his arms.*

Sir *Fred.* Whither do you carry him?

*Serv.* Sir, there is an old Gentleman below in a Coach,
Very like my Lord *Bevil*,
Who, hearing what a condition Sir *Nich'las* was in,
Desired me to bring him to him in my arms.

*Cul.* Let me go, where is the Widow?

Sir *Fred.* What Widow?

*Cul.* Mistress *Rich*; she is to be
My Wife.

Sir *Fred.* But do you hear, Sir *Nich'las*? how long have you
Courted this Widow?

*Cul.* Mr. *Wheadle* can tell you: trouble me not with idle
Questions, Sir *Frederick*.
You shall be welcome at any time; she loves Men
That will roar, and drink, and Serenade her.

Sir *Fred.* This is some strange mistake; sure *Wheadle* intending
To chouse him, has shew'd him some counterfeit Widow?
And he being drunk, has been misguided to the true
Widow's House. The fellow in the Coach may
Discover all; I will step and see who it is:
Hold him here, *Dufoy*, till I return: Gentlemen,
Come you with me. [*Exit Sir* Frederick *and* Fidlers.

*Cul.* Where is my Mistress?

*Dufoy.* Vat Metres?

*Cul.* The Widow.

*Dufoy.* She be de Metres of my Matré.

*Cul.* You lye, Sirrah.

*Dufoy.* Begar you be de Jackanape to tellé
Me I do lye.

*Cul.* You are a French Râscal, and I will blow
your Nose without a Handkerchief. [*He pulls* Dufoy *by the Nose.*

*Dufoy.* Helpé, helpé me; Morbleu; I vil beat you vid my fisté
And my Footé, tillé you aské me de pardon;
Take dat and daté; aské me de pardon.

[Cully *falls down, and* Dufoy *beats him.*

*Cul.* I ask you pardon, Sirrah?

*Dufoy.* Sirrah? Tittibleu. [*Offers to strike.*

*Enter Sir* Frederick *and* Fidlers, *leading in* Palmer *trembling.*

Sir *Fred.* Hold, hold, *Dufoy*.

*Dufoy.* Begar he do merite to be beaté; he swaré he vil
Marré youré Metres.

*Palm.* I beseech you, Sir *Frederick*.

*Cul.* My Lord *Bevil*!

Sir *Fred.* So, he takes him for my Lord *Bevil*;
Now the Plot will out,
'Tis fit this Rascal shou'd be cheated;

But

But these Rogues will deal too
Unmercifully with him: I'll take compassion upon
Him, and use him more favourably my self.

*Cul.* My Lord, where is the mad Wench your Sister?

[*Sir* Frederick *pulls off* Palmer's *disguise.*

Sir *Fred.* Look you, Sir *Nich'las*, where is my Lord *Bevil* Now?

*Cul.* My merry Country-Man, Mr. *Palmer*! I thought you had Been in *Buckinghamshire.*

[*Sings.*

*And he took her by the Apron,*
*To bring her to his beck.*

Never a Catch now, my merry Country-man?
Sir *Frederick*, I owe this Gentleman a thousand Pounds.

Sir *Fred.* How so?

*Cul.* He won it of me at Dice, *Wheadle* went my halfs;
And we have given him a Judgment for it.

Sir *Fred.* This was the roguery you had been about the other Night, when I met you in disguise, *Palmer.*
You'll never leave your cheating and your robbing,
How many Robberies do I know
Of your committing?

*Palm.* The truth is, Sir, you know enough to hang me;
But you are a worthy Gentleman, and a lover of Ingenuity.

Sir *Fred.* This will not pass:
Produce the Judgment.

*Palm.* Alas, Sir! Mr. *Wheadle* has it.

Sir *Fred.* Produce it, or——Fetch the Constable, *Boy.*

*Palm.* Sir *Frederick*, be merciful to a sorrowful Rascal:
Here is a Copy of the Judgment, as it is entred.

Sir *Fred.* Who is this counterfeit Widow? confess.

*Palm.* Truly 'twas *Wheadle*'s contrivance; a Pox on him:
Never any good comes on't when men are so unconscionable
In their Dealings.

*Cul.* What am I cheated, Sir *Frederick?* Sirrah,
I will have you hang'd.

Sir *Fred.* Speak, who is this Widow?

*Palm.* 'Tis *Grace*, Sir, *Wheadle*'s Mistress, whom he has plac'd
In my Lady *Dawbwel*'s House: I am but a poor Instrument,
Abus'd by that Rascal.

Sir *Fred.* You see, Sir *Nich'las*, what Villains these are; they have
Cheated you of a Thousand Pounds, and would have married
You to a Wench, had I not discover'd their Villany.

*Cul.* I am beholding to you, Sir *Frederick*, they are Rogues,
Villanous Rogues: But where's the Widow?

Sir *Fred.* Why, you saw the true Widow here a little while ago.

*Cul.*

*Cul.* The truth is, methoughts she was something comlier
Than my Mistress: But will not this Widow
Marry me?
Sir *Fred.* She is my Mistress.
*Cul.* I will have none of her then.
Sir *Fred.* Well, I have discover'd this Cheat, kept you from
Marrying a Wench, and will save you a thousand Pounds too.
Now, if you have a mind to marry, what think you of my Sister?
She is a plain brown Girl, and has a good Portion;
But not out twenty thousand Pound: This Offer proves
I have a perfect Kindness for you.
*Cul.* I have heard she is a very fine Gentlewoman;
I will marry her forthwith, and be your Brother-in-Law.
Sir *Fred.* Come then, I'll carry you where
You may see her, and ask her Consent.
*Palmer*, you must go along with us,
And by the way assign this Judgment over to me.
Do you guard him, Gentlemen. [*To the Fidlers.*
Sir *Fred.* Come, Sir *Nich'las.*
*Cul.* How came I hither?
Sir *Fred.* You will be satisfied in that hereafter.
*Palm.* What curst accident was this? what
Mischievous Stars have the managing
Of my Fortune? Here's a turn with all my heart
Like an after-game at *Irish*!
*Dufoy.* Alon marché, Shentelmen sheté;
Marché; You make de mouthé of
De honest Shentelmen: begar you vil make de
Wry mouthé ven you be hangé. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE III.

Scene, A Garden.

*Enter* Graciana *and* Leticia *severally*; Leticia *with a* Nosegay *in her Hand.*

*Grac. Leticia*, what hast thou been doing here?
*Let.* Cropping the beauty of the youthful year.
*Grac.* How innocently dost thou spend thy hours,
Selecting from the crowd the choicest Flowers!
Where is thy Mistress?
*Let.* Madam, she's with the wounded Colonel.
*Grac.* Come then into this Arbour, Girl, and there
With thy sweet Voice refresh my wearied Soul. [*They walk into an Arbour.*

SONG.

SONG.

[Let. sings.

*Ladies, though to your Conq'ring Eyes*
*Love owes his chiefeſt Victories,*
*And borrows thoſe bright Arms from you*
*With which he does the World ſubdue.*
*Yet you your ſelves are not above*
*The Empire nor the Griefs of Love.*

*Then wrack not Lovers with diſdain,*
*Leſt Love on you revenge their Pain;*
*You are not free becauſe y're fair;*
*The Boy did not his Mother ſpare.*
*Beauty's but an offenſive dart;*
*It is no Armour for the Heart.*

*Grac.* Dear Girl, thou art my little Confident;
I oft to thee have breath'd my diſcontent;
And thy ſweet Voice as oft has eas'd my care:
But now my Breath is like infectious Air.

*Enter* Beaufort.

It feeds the ſecret cauſe of my diſeaſe,
And does enrage what it did uſe t' appeaſe.
*Beauf. ſtarting.* Hark, that was *Graciana's* Voice.
*Grac.* Oh *Beaufort!*
*Beauf.* She calls on me, and does advance this way:
I will conceal my ſelf within this Bower: ſhe may
The ſecret cauſes of my grief betray.

Beaufort *goes into an Arbor, and* Graciana *and* Leticia *come upon the Stage.*

*Grac.* Too rigidly my Honour I purſue;
Sure ſomething from me to my Love is due:
Within theſe private ſhades for him I'll mourn,
Whom I in publick am oblig'd to ſcorn.
*Let.* Why ſhou'd you, Madam, thus indulge your grief?
Love never yet in ſorrow found relief:
Theſe Sighs, like Northern Winds to th' early Spring,
Deſtruction to your blooming Beauty bring.
*Grac. Leticia,* peace; my Beauty I deſpiſe:
Wou'd you have me preſerve theſe fatal Eyes?
*Let.* Had you leſs beauteous been, y'ad known leſs care:
Ladies are happieſt moderately fair:

But

But now shou'd you your Beauty waste, which way
Cou'd you the debt it has contracted pay?
*Grac. Beaufort*, didst thou but know I weep for thee,
Thou would'st not blame my scorn, but pity me.
*Let.* When honour first made you your Love decline,
You from the Centre drew a crooked line:
You were to *Beaufort* too severe, I fear,
Lest to your Love you partial might appear.
*Grac.* I did what I in honour ought to do:
I yet to *Beaufort* and my love am true:
And if his Rival live, I'll be his Bride,
Joy shall unite whom Grief does now divide:
But if for love of me brave *Bruce* does die,
I am contracted to his Memory.
Oh, *Beaufort*!
*Beauf.* Oh, *Graciana*! here am I
(By what I've heard) fix'd in an ecstasy.
*Grac.* We are surpriz'd; unlucky accident!
Fresh Sorrow's added to my discontent.

[*Exeunt* Graciana *and* Leticia *leisurely.*

Beaufort *enters,*

*Beauf. Graciana*, stay, you can no more contend,
Since Fortune joins with Love to be my Friend;
There is no fear of *Bruce* his death; the wound
By abler Chir'gions is not mortal found.
She will not stay.
My Joys, like Waters swell'd into a flood,
Bear down what e're their usual streams withstood. [*Exit* Beaufort.

## SCENE IV.

Scene, My Lady *Dawbwel*'s House.

*Enter* Wheadle *and* Grace.

*Whead.* I wonder we have yet no tidings of our Knight,
Nor *Palmer*,——
Fortune still crosses the industrious, Girl,
When we recover him, you must begin
To lie at a little opener ward;
'Tis dangerous keeping the Fool too long at bay,
Lest some old Wood-man drop in by chance,
And discover thou art but a rascal Deer.
I have counterfeited half a dozen Mortgages,
A dozen Bonds, and two Scriveners to vouch all;

That will ſatisfy him in thy Eſtate:
He has ſent into the Country for his
Writings:
But ſee, here he comes.

*Enter Sir* Nicholas.

Sir *Nich'las*, I muſt chide you, indeed I muſt;
You neglect your duty here: Nay, Madam, never
Bluſh; Faith I'll reveal all. Y'are the happieſt,
The luckieſt Man———

*Enter Sir* Frederick.

W'are betray'd; Death, what makes him here?
Sir *Frederick*, your humble Servant; y'are come [*To Sir* Frederick.
In the luckieſt time for mirth; will you but lend
Me your Ear? do not you ſee Sir *Nich'las* and *Grace*
Yonder? look, look.

Sir *Fred.* Yes.

*Whead.* I am perſwading him to keep her; ſhe's a pretty
Deſerving Girl; 'faith let us draw off a while,
And laugh among our ſelves, for fear of ſpoiling
The poor Wenches market; let us, let us.

Sir *Fred.* With all my Heart.

*Bayliffs meet* Wheadle *at the door, and Arreſt him.*

*Bayliffs.* We Arreſt you, Sir.

*Whead.* Arreſt me? Sir *Frederick*, Sir *Nicholas*.

Sir *Fred.* We are not provided for a Reſcue at preſent, Sir.

*Whead.* At whoſe Suit?

*Bayliffs.* At Sir *Frederick Frollick*'s.

*Whead.* Sir *Frederick Frollick*'s? I owe him never a farthing.

Sir *Fred.* Y'are miſtaken, Sir; you owe me a thouſand pounds:
Look you, do you know Mr. *Palmer*'s hand?
He has aſſign'd ſuch a ſmall debt over to me.

*Enter* Palmer *and* Jenny.

*Whead.* How was I bewitch'd to truſt ſuch a Villain!
Oh Rogue, Dog, Coward, *Palmer*.

*Palm.* O thou unconſcionable *Wheadle*; a thouſand pounds
Was too ſmall a bubble!

Sir *Fred.* Away with him, away with him.

*Whead.* Nay, Sir *Frederick*, 'tis puniſhment enough to fall
From my expectation:
Do not ruine a young man.

*Grace.* I beſeech you, Sir.

Sir

Sir *Fred.* Thou haſt mov'd me, *Grace*;
Do not tremble, Chuck; I love thy profeſſion too well
To harm thee.
Look you, Sir, what think you of a rich Widow? [*Proffering him the Whore.*
Was there no Lady to abuſe, *Wheadle*, but my Miſtreſs?
No man to bubble but your Friend and Patron, Sir *Nich'las*?
But let this paſs; Sir *Nich'las* is ſatisfi'd; take *Grace*
Here, marry her, we are all ſatisfi'd:
She's a pretty deſerving Girl, and a Fortune now
In earneſt; I'll give her a thouſand pounds.
*Wbead.* Pray, Sir, do but conſider——
Sir *Fred.* No conſideration; diſpatch, or
To Limbo.
*Wbead.* Was there ever ſuch a Dilemma? I ſhall rot in Priſon.
Come hither, *Grace*, I did but make bold, like a young Heir,
With his Eſtate, before it come into his hands:
Little did I think, *Grace*, that this Paſty, [*Stroaking her Belly.*
When we firſt cut it up, ſhould have been preſerv'd
For my Wedding-Feaſt.
Sir *Nich.* You are the happieſt, the luckieſt Man, Mr. *Wheadle.*
*Palm.* Much Joy, Mr. *Wheadle*, with your rich Widow.
*Wbead.* Sir *Frederick*, ſhall that Rogue, *Palmer*, laugh at me?
Sir *Fred.* No, no; *Jenny*, Come hither; I'll make thee amends,
As well as thy Miſtreſs, for the Injury I did thee
Th' other Night:
Here's a Husband for thee too:
Mr. *Palmer*, where are you?
*Palm.* Alas, Sir *Frederick*, I am not able
To maintain her!
Sir *Fred.* She ſhall maintain you, Sir,
Do not you underſtand the Myſtery of *Stipony*,
*Jenny*?
*Maid.* I know how to make *Democuana*, Sir.
Sir *Fred.* Thou art richly endow'd, i'faith: Here, here *Palmer*;
No ſhall I, ſhall I: This or that, which
You deſerve better.
*Palm.* This is but a ſhort Reprieve; the Gallows will
Be my Deſtiny.
Sir *Fred.* Sir *Nich'las*, now we muſt haſte to a better
Solemnity; my Siſter expects us.
Gentlemen, meet us at the *Roſe*; I'll beſtow a Wedding
Dinner upon you, and there releaſe your Judgment,
Mr. *Wheadle.*
Bayliffs, wait upon them thither.
Sir *Nich.* I wiſh you much Joy with your fair Brides,
Gentlemen.
*Wbead.* A Pox on your Aſſignment, *Palmer.*

*Palm.*

*Palm.* A Pox on your rich Widow, *Wheadle*;
Come, Spouſe, Come. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE V.

Scene, The Lord *Bevil's* Houſe.

*Enter Lord* Bevil, Bruce *led in*, Lovis, Beaufort, Graciana *and* Aurelia.

*Bruce. Graciana*, I have loſt my Claim to you,
And now my Heart's become *Aurelia*'s due;
She all this while, within her tender Breaſt,
The Flame of Love has carefully ſuppreſt,
Courting for me, and ſtriving to deſtroy
Her own Contentment to advance my Joy.
*Aurel.* I did no more than Honour preſs'd me to;
I wiſh I'd woo'd ſucceſsfully for you.
*Bruce.* You ſo excel in Honour and in Love,
You both my Shame and Admiration move.
*Aurelia*, Here, accept that Life from me,
Which Heav'n ſo kindly has preſerv'd for thee.
My Lord, I hope you will my Choice allow, [*To L.* Bevil.
And with your Approbation ſeal our Vow.
*Bev.* In gen'rous Minds this to the World will prove
That Gratitude has Pow'r to conquer Love.
It were, brave Man, Impiety in me
Not to approve that which the Heav'ns decree.
*Bruce. Graciana*, on my gen'rous Rival you
Muſt now beſtow what to his Merit's due.
*Grac.* Since you recovering, *Bruce*, your Claim decline,
To him with Honour I my Heart reſign.
*Beauf.* Such Honour and ſuch Love, as you have ſhown,
Are not in the Records of Virtue known.
My Lord, you muſt aſſiſt us here once more; [*To L.* Bevil.
The God of Love does your Conſent implore.
*Bev.* May Love in you ſtill feed your mutual Fire. [*Joyning their Hands.*
*Beauf.* And may that Flame but with our Breaths expire.
*Lovis.* My Lord, our Quarrel now is at an End;
You are not *Bruce*'s Rival, but his Friend.
*Beauf.* In this brave ſtrife your Friendſhip ſoar'd above
The active Flames of our aſpiring Love.
*Bruce.* Dear Friend, thy Merits Fame cannot expreſs.
*Lovis.* They are rewarded in your Happineſs.
*Bruce.* Come all into my Arms before I reſt;
Let's breathe our Joys into each others Breaſt:

Thus

Thus Mariners rejoyce when Winds decreaſe,
And falling Waves ſeem wearied into Peace.

*Enter Sir* Frederick *and* Dufoy *at one Door, and the* Widow *and* Betty *at another.*

Sir *Fred.* Haſte, *Dufoy*, perform what I commanded You.

*Dufoy.* I vil be ver quick begar; I am more den half de *Mercurié.* [*Exit.*

Sir *Fred.* Ho, Widow, the Noiſe of theſe Nuptials brought You hither; I perceive your Mouth waters.

*Wid.* Were I in a longing Condition, I ſhould be apt Enough to put my ſelf upon you, Sir.

Sir *Fred.* Nay, I know th'art ſpiteful, and wou'dſt Fain marry me in Revenge; but ſo long as I have Theſe Guardian Angels about me, I defie thee, And all thy Charms: Do skillful Faulkners thus Reward their Hawks before they fly the Quarry?

*Wid.* When your Gorge is empty, you'll come To the Lure again.

Sir *Fred.* After I have had a little more Experience Of the Vanity of this World, in a melancholy humour I may be careleſs of my ſelf.

*Wid.* And marry ſome diſtreſſed Lady, that has Had no leſs experience of that Vanity.

Sir *Fred.* Widow, I profeſs the contrary; I would not have the Sin to anſwer for, of debauching any from ſuch Worthy Principles: Let me ſee, if I ſhould be Good natur'd now, and conſent to give thee a Title To thy own Wealth again, you wou'd be ſtubborn, And not eſteem the Favour, Widow.

*Wid.* Is it poſſible you can have thoughts of Gratitude? Do you imagine me ſo Fooliſh as your ſelf, Who often venture all at play, to recover one inconſiderable Parcel?

Sir *Fred.* I told you how 'twould be, Widow, Leſs Providence attend thee, elſe I ſhall do no good upon thee; Farewel.

*Wid.* Stay, Sir; let us ſhake hands at parting.

Sir *Fred.* Nay if thou once art acquainted with my Conſtitution, Thou'lt never let me go; Widow, here, Examine, examine. [*Holding out his hand.*

*Bevil.* Siſter, I long have known your Inclinations; Give me leave to ſerve you. Sir *Frederick*, here Take her, and may you make each other happy.

*Wid.*

*Wid.* Now I have receiv'd you into my Family,
I hope you will let my Maids go quietly about
Their buſineſs, Sir?

Sir *Fred.* Upon Condition there be no twits of
The good Man departed; no Preſcription pleaded
For evil Cuſtoms on the wedding Night.
Widow, what old doings will be anon?
I have coupled no leſs than a Pair-Royal my ſelf.
This day, my Lord, I hope you'll excuſe the Liberty
I have taken to ſend for them; the ſight will much
Encreaſe your mirth this Joyful Day.

*L. Bev.* I ſhould have blam'd you, Sir, if you had
Reſtrain'd your Humour here.
Theſe muſt needs be pleaſant Matches that are of his
Making.

*Enter* Dufoy.

Sir *Fred.* What, are they come?

*Dufoy.* Dey be all at the Dooré, begar! every Man vid his
Pret Metres, Brid, Whore.
Entré, Jentlemen, vid your Lady, entré vid your
Great Fortuné: Ha, ha, ha.

*Enter Sir* Nicholas *and his Bride*, Wheadle *and his Bride*, Palmer *and his Bride.*

Sir *Nich.* Brother, do you ſee how ſneakingly *Wheadle* looks
Yonder with his rich Widow?

*Wid.* Brother, is this Fellow your Brother?

Sir *Nich.* Ay, that I am.

Sir *Fred.* No, no, Sir *Nicholas.*

Sir *Nicholas*, Did not I marry your Siſter, Sir?

Sir *Fred.* Fie, fie, Sir *Nich'las*; I thought y'ad been
A modeſter Man.

Sir *Nich.* Is my Wife no kin to you, Sir?

Sir *Fred.* Not your Wife; but your Son and Heir may,
If it prove ſo. * Joy be with thee, old Acquaintance. [* *To* Lucy.
Widow, reſolving to lead a virtuous Life,
And keep houſe altogether with thee,
I have diſpos'd of my own Houſhold-ſtuff,
My dear Mrs. *Lucy*, to this Gentleman.

*Whead and Palm.* We wiſh you Joy with your fair Bride,
Sir *Nich'las.*

Sir *Nich.* I will go and complain, and have you all clap'd up
For a Plot immediately.

Sir

Sir *Fred.* Hold, hold Sir *Nich'las*, there are certain
Catch-poles without: you cannot ſcape,
Without y'ave a thouſand Pounds in your
Pocket: Carry her into the Country, come;
Your Neighbours Wives will viſit her, and vow
She's a vertuous well-bred Lady:
And, give her her due, 'faith ſhe was a very
Honeſt Wench to me, and I believe will make a very
Honeſt Wife to you.

Sir *Nich.* If I diſcover this I am loſt; I ſhall be ridiculous
Even to our own Party.

Sir *Fred.* You are in the right: Come, take her,
Make much of her, ſhe ſhall ſave you
A Thouſand Pounds.

Sir *Nich.* Well, *Lucy*, if thou can but deceive my
Old Mother, and my Neighbours in the Country,
I ſhall bear my Fortune patiently.

Sir *Fred.* I'll warrant you, Sir, Women ſo skill'd in Vice
Can diſſemble Virtue.

*Dufoy.* Fy, fy, maké de much of your Lady, Shentlemen;
Begar you vil find them ver civil.

Sir *Fred.* *Dufoy*, I had almoſt forgot thee.

*Dufoy.* Begar my merit is ver ſeldom in your
Memorié.

Sir *Fred.* Now I will reward thy Services; here,
Enjoy thy Miſtreſs.

*Dufoy.* Ver vel, begar; you will give me two tree oldé
Gowné vor all my diligence.

*Betty.* Marry come up! Is that a deſpicable Portion
For your greaſie Pantaloons?

*Dufoy.* Peace, peace, Metres *Bet*; ve vil be ver good
Friend upon Occaſion; but ve vil no marrié:
Dat be ver much better, begar.

Sir *Fred.* Did you bring the Bailiffs with you?

*Dufoy.* Dey be vidout: Begar, Shentlemen, you have bin
Made ver ſad; and you ſhall now be made ver mer
Vid de Fidler.

*Whead.* Ha! cozen'd with Fidlers for Bailiffs!
I durſt have ſworn falſe Dice might as ſoon have
Paſs'd upon me.

Sir *Fred.* Bid them ſtrike up; we will have a Dance,
Widow, to divert theſe melancholy Gentlemen. [*They Dance.*

*L. Bevil.* Sir *Frederick*, You ſhall command my Houſe this Day;
[*After the Dance.*
Make all thoſe welcome that are pleas'd to ſtay.

Sir *Fred.* Sir *Nicholas*, and Mr. *Wheadle*, I releaſe you both
Of your Judgment, and will give it under
My hand at any Time.
Widow, for all theſe bloody Preparations,
There will be no great Maſſacre of Maiden-Heads
Among us here.
Anon I will make you all laugh with the Occaſion
Of theſe Weddings.

*On what ſmall Accidents depends our Fate,*
*Whilſt Chance, not Prudence, makes us Fortunate.*

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EPI-

# EPILOGUE

## Spoke by the Widow.

*SIR* Frederick, *now I am reveng'd on you,*
*For all your Frollick Wit, y'are couzen'd too:*
*I have made over all my Wealth to these*
*Honeſt Gentlemen; they are my Truſtees.*
*Yet, Gentlemen, if you are pleas'd you may*
*Supply his Wants, and not your Truſt betray.*

## Spoke by *Wheadle.*

*Poor* Wheadle *hopes h'as gi'n you all content;*
*Here he proteſts 'tis that he only meant:*
*If y'are diſpleas'd we're all croſs-bit to day,*
*And he has Wheadl'd us that writ the Play.*

THE

# THE EPILOGUE.

*Like Pris'ners, conſcious of th' offended Law,*
*When Juries after th' Evidence withdraw;*
*So waits our Author, between Hope and Fear,*
*Until he does your doubtful Verdict hear.*
*Men are more civil than in former Days;*
*Few now, in Publick, hiſs or rail at Plays;*
*He bid me therefore mind your Looks with Care,*
*And told me I ſhould read your Sentence there;*
*But I, unskill'd in Faces, cannot gueſs*
*By this firſt View what is the Play's ſucceſs;*
*Nor ſhall I eaſe the Author of his Fear,*
*Till twice or thrice, at leaſt, I've ſeen you here.*

FINIS.

XUM